

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—No. 41. [REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1897.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.  
BY POST 6½D.]



Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

179, New Bond Street.

## FARM HORSES.

FARM horses are not worked at all until they are two years old, and then only lightly. Meantime their "salad days" are spent very agreeably, not, as is often the case with the foals and yearlings of carriage horses, alone with the mare, or with perhaps one other companion, but with plenty of equine society. Other young foals, with their dams, and the yearlings of the previous season keep them company in the big home paddock. Companionship is almost as necessary for horses as it is for children. EQUINE GOSSIP goes on in the paddocks, just as human gossip does in the streets, and though the horses say nothing, they seem to find perfect satisfaction in being close to each other, staring at one another, and mutual assistance in licking and cleaning coats and manes. With farm horses Sunday is the day for social amenities of this kind. They gather in the corners of the fields near the gates, and converse, so to say, over the wall. That is why so many field gates are found strained or broken on Monday mornings. The horses lean their chests against them and stretch their heads over to lick, caress, or bite an acquaintance on the other side, or are pushed against the barriers by a mob of colts or yearlings. The group shown in our illustration are a pretty example of the contentment and peace which reign in the breeding paddock of the farm. The foal is growing fast, and its legs already show the cart-horse build. But its mane and tail are still in the woolly stage of first youth—a curious contrast to the flowing mane and tail of the mother. The other horses in the next field have gathered where the fence is low, so that their social circle can be extended.

When the farm colt is two years old its training begins. This is a far less trying process than in the case of the young riding horse, who has to be bitted, "lunged," ridden, and made, when he is at his most nervous and awkward age. The cart colt is not to be highly educated or taught accomplishments. All he is wanted to do is to take his place in a team and pull, and to learn gradually that there are such things as reins, as well as the carter's leading hand. When he learns to allow the halter to be put on he usually gives little further trouble. In a day or two he can be harnessed; then he is led out and put between a couple of old horses on some quiet job in the fields. After a week at harrowing, or late haymaking, he is allowed a



Photo. by C. Reid.

## HIS LIFE'S WORK.

Copyright.

fortnight's rest in stable and paddock, and then taken out for a longer spell of duty. The good effects of change of scene and of occupation *versus* idleness are often noted in the case of young farm horses. If, after the colt has been worked for six months, he is turned out again and allowed to run free for another half year, a very remarkable increase in size and strength often supervenes—it is a kind of second growth. When this long vacation is over he takes his place in the team, and HIS LIFE'S WORK begins. It is not an unpleasant life, either, if he has the good fortune to belong to a well-to-do farmer who feeds him well, and does not sell him to some small occupier to work overtime when he is old. In the team shown in our illustration the care for the horses' comfort is shown very clearly. Each has a net on his back to protect him from the flies, and also caps for the same purpose drawn over his ears.

Occasionally a cart-horse colt is troublesome to train. We have known one which almost jumped out of the first set of harness put upon it, and gave more trouble to train than it was worth. Such colts show instances of bad temper not natural to the breed, and should not be kept at farm work. If they are, they often cause accidents, and sometimes the death of the carters. We have often speculated whether the English method of fastening the horse by the head, or the Arab plan of picketing him by the leg, is most likely to aid in the early training of horses. Probably each is best suited for the breeds to which it is applied, but a picketed horse seems more free

and more able to use its intelligence than a haltered one. But usually the mild temperament of the farm horse meets the owner halfway, and saves him the trouble of thinking out new methods of training, because the old ones answer well enough. There is only one form of caution which is really necessary in the neighbourhood of the teams. No one should fire a gun close to young horses at work. Several bad accidents, and some fatal ones, have been recorded recently, caused by frightened teams scared by the sudden discharge of guns at birds flushed near where the men were working. The worst case caused the death of the driver of a reaping machine, who was flung off, and fell before the knives as the horses were trying to bolt. The fault lies as much in the construction of the machines as in the nervousness of the horses. Most modern farm implements for cultivating the soil, except the plough, are dangerous



Photo. by C. Reid

## EQUINE GOSSIP.

Copyright



enough to anyone who happens to fall in front of them. Corrugated iron rollers, horse-rakes, and horse-hoes are unpleasant things when they pass over a fallen man; and the implements for grubbing and cleaning stubbles, advertised as scarifiers and tormentors, are apt to make the victim over whom they pass feel like the proverbial toad under a harrow. Most of these machines are provided with small perches for the driver, and a jerk forward usually throws him just in front of the "business end" of the implement.

We once knew a farm horse which was a confirmed bolter, and absolutely useless, cured by an ingenious old fellow, a small

furniture remover, who bought him for £5, and sold him for £40. The horse's regular custom was to allow himself to be harnessed, but to bolt the moment he was fastened to the vehicle. He would do his best to run away even with a waggon. The furniture man hit on the following ingenious device. He lent the horse to the fire brigade. The moment he was harnessed the horse bolted; but as the other horse in the engine also set off at full gallop, that being the way of fire-engines, the vicious horse soon had quite as much of his own way as he liked. He was "put in" for every fire and all the exercise days, and soon was glad to start at a walk. C. J. CORNISH.

# Country Life

## ILLUSTRATED.

THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

### CONTENTS.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
<i>The Countess of Limerick</i> ... ..	393
<i>His Life's Work; Farm Horses</i> ... ..	394
<i>Equine Gossip</i> ... ..	394
<i>The Queen's Exhibit, British Fruit at the Crystal Palace</i> ... ..	399
<i>Splendid Specimens</i> ... ..	400
<i>A Wonderful Display</i> ... ..	400
<i>The Two Teams; Cricket. Mr. Warner's Eleven in New York</i> ... ..	401
<i>Round the Pavilion</i> ... ..	401
<i>Marvel; A Champion Hackney</i> ... ..	402
<i>Old Chingford Church; Cycling Notes</i> ... ..	403
<i>A Family Crib; Herefordshire Hops</i> ... ..	403
<i>Three Generations</i> ... ..	404
<i>Measuring Up</i> ... ..	404
<i>Pole Drawing</i> ... ..	404
<i>The Northam Tower; Country Homes; Rokeby</i> ... ..	405
<i>The Dairy Bridge</i> ... ..	406
<i>Scott's Cave</i> ... ..	406
<i>Rokeby Hall from the South-West</i> ... ..	407
<i>Pere Bojium; The Kennel: Some Ladies' Dogs</i> ... ..	408
<i>Kummel</i> ... ..	408
<i>Ada Alexander</i> ... ..	408
<i>Orleston Toddlekins</i> ... ..	409
<i>Poltergeist</i> ... ..	409
<i>Petransosse; The Harrow Dog Show</i> ... ..	409
<i>Compton Dollar</i> ... ..	410
<i>Earl Mayo</i> ... ..	410
<i>A Bottomless Pit; Down a Denchole</i> ... ..	411
<i>View of the Kentford Paddocks; The Kentford Stud Farm.—I.</i> ... ..	413
<i>Stallion Boxes</i> ... ..	413
<i>The Deemster</i> ... ..	414
<i>Encounter</i> ... ..	414
<i>Son of a Gun</i> ... ..	414
<i>Trayles</i> ... ..	415
<i>Ravensbury</i> ... ..	415
<i>The Finish of the Rowley Mile</i> ... ..	416
<i>At the Post, Newmarket</i> ... ..	417
<i>Coming Back to Scale</i> ... ..	417

#### LITERARY.

<i>Farm Horses</i> ... ..	394
<i>Country Notes</i> ... ..	395
<i>Our Portrait Illustration</i> ... ..	398
<i>Town Topics</i> ... ..	398
<i>Sweet Violets</i> ... ..	398
<i>British Fruit at the Crystal Palace</i> ... ..	399
<i>Cricket: Mr. Warner's Eleven in New York</i> ... ..	401
<i>A Champion Hackney</i> ... ..	402
<i>Cycling Notes</i> ... ..	402
<i>Herefordshire Hops</i> ... ..	403
<i>Country Homes: Rokeby; by John Leyland</i> ... ..	405
<i>The Kennel: Some Ladies' Dogs</i> ... ..	408
<i>The Harrow Dog Show</i> ... ..	409
<i>Books of the Day</i> ... ..	410
<i>Down a Denchole</i> ... ..	411
<i>Correspondence</i> ... ..	412
<i>The Kentford Stud Farm.—I.</i> ... ..	413
<i>Racing Notes</i> ... ..	415
<i>In the Hills</i> ... ..	416
<i>On the Green</i> ... ..	417
<i>A Maiden Speech</i> ... ..	418
<i>Literary Notes</i> ... ..	418
<i>In the Garden</i> ... ..	420

### COUNTRY NOTES.

THE prophecy in these columns last week, that a "cold wave" might be expected, has been literally fulfilled, although happily the rainfall has not been so heavy as was anticipated. Finer weather for outdoor exercise it would be impossible to have, and for those who are fortunate enough

to be able to spend their time in the open air, October has, up to the present, been an ideal month for country pursuits. So far, however, as can be judged from indications, this happy state of things will probably not last long. Storms of wind and rain are predicted—a promise of evil which is unfortunately only too likely to be true.

Reference has been made in these columns to the epidemic of typhoid fever at Maidstone. No words can be too strong to condemn those who are responsible for the outbreak, but still, all rural authorities may well take the lesson to heart. Further investigation shows only too clearly that it is a preventable scourge, and the wonder is not that it should have broken out at Maidstone, but that it should not have broken out in a score of other places. While the urban authorities leave no stone unturned to prevent such a thing occurring in towns, in the country there is too much of the policy of "letting things slide" to be safe. Perhaps the appalling epidemic at Maidstone will wake up many country authorities to a fuller sense of their responsibilities. It is much to be hoped that it may do so.

It is possible to discover from the almanac the exact date on which summer ends and autumn begins. The 22nd of last month was thus declared to be the fatal day, and the fact is brought home by many things, but by none more closely than the ways of our summer visitors among the birds. Many of the smaller ones regularly begin to disappear as the schools return, as though they either missed their tormentors or also had their work to do. Almost all the song birds are silent, with the aggressive exception of the robin, who sings vigorously till mid-winter, and often has a nest—having therefore previously serenaded his mate—in early February. But, most patent of all signs, the swallows have for the last week or more been settling in prim rows along the telegraph wires holding a series of "call-overs" of the young hopefuls preparatory to the great expedition in pursuit of the summer sun.

A correspondent, writing from California, speaks of some wonderfully good trout fishing to be had there, for the taking, though the taking appears to be an affair of some trouble. Unfortunately for him, he is not the hero of his own tale, though he was actually fishing at the very time that the big takes were being made elsewhere; but the scenes of his own fishing were the streams of those foothills of the Rockies that run down into Tulare County. Of this he writes:—"Half-pound trout are an exception. I have only caught six this summer over that weight." It is the tale of two friends fishing in the neighbouring county, however, that is worth the telling. "B and H," he goes on, "two young Englishmen, landowners out here, have just returned from the head-waters of the Kern River. B is quite a traveller, and an expert fisherman. I have never heard of such trout fishing. The number of fish they caught was not the point—that was limited only by the time they put in fishing, but five to seven brace over 3lb. weight was an average afternoon's work, and a short afternoon at that. The big fish took a peal-fly with yellow body and peacock and blue jay wing. But the work of getting to the fishing ground—three and a-half days' over a mountain trail!

"It appears that they rode, and took two pack mules, and had some experiences, nearly losing their animals, etc., etc. B describes the river above the lakes, where they had their best fishing, as being about 40ft. wide—tremendous fall, long reaches, and large pools. The latter are unfishable, except with barge pole and cable, as they are full of fallen timber, and a fish can always dart under logs when hooked. This reduces the fishing to the long rapid stretches, in which the wading is really very hard. The water is ice-cold, just off the snow, and the fish the gamest he ever saw. It took him twenty-five minutes to gaff some of the trout. The tremendous speed of the water of course helps the fish. H had one fish break away, after running out fifty yards of line twice, but he is not as expert as B, though very game. B's account of this fish running, and H going in deeper and deeper in the cold rapid water when his line was getting small on the reel, is very amusing. He was in to his armpits, appealing to B to help him, but failing to tell him how he could do so." This appears to be a country worth

considering, in view of the constant increase in the rent of rivers at home; but clearly it is not an armchair, or even a punt and a jug of beer, class of fishing. The sport, however, seems sufficient to repay a little roughing.

It certainly is very remarkable how fond novel writers who are not sportsmen are of dragging sport into their stories. This is more particularly the case as regards horse-racing, which, being a pastime carried on under very intricate rules and regulations, and requiring, therefore, a large amount of technical knowledge to properly describe and discuss, is invariably chosen by writers desirous of showing an all-round knowledge of the Society world to descant upon; and with the inevitable result that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, they come hopelessly to grief in doing so, and blunder to such an extent as to render their literary efforts at description of horse-racing a laughing-stock to all those who do know something about the Turf. In her day Ouida has done some wonderful performances in this respect, her descriptions of race meetings being consistently made up of utter absurdities and obvious impossibilities. But even Ouida in her details of the betting-ring never surpassed for grotesque inaccuracy the account of Epsom Races which Mr. Hall Caine has introduced into his most recent novel, "The Christian."

Of course it is of no material consequence to followers of the Turf to what extent ill-informed novelists misrepresent what does, and represent what does not, take place in connection therewith; and the fact that they speak of all persons, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, who take pleasure in horse-racing, as wallowing in a sink of iniquity, really does no more than expose the ignorance of the writers of their subject. But as there are still a large number of persons to be found in this country who imagine that well-known writers follow the antiquated practice of becoming acquainted with their subject before they proceed to instruct others therein, and moralise thereon, it is necessary occasionally to utter a gentle protest against such misrepresentation as that set out by the author in the pages of "The Christian."

To what extent the Puritanical faction which is the mainstay of such organisations as the once befuddled, but now discredited, Anti-Gambling League, and similar associations, would interfere with the liberties and curtail the pastimes of the people of this country, if they had the power, is shown by the line that the Rev. Lewis Price, the vicar of Pakefield, a small village near Lowestoft, has adopted in regard to football matches; presumably those of certain clubs of the Norfolk and Suffolk League, which have their headquarters in his and the adjoining parishes.

Mr. Price, who is a somewhat eccentric old man, denounced football matches from the pulpit of his church last Sunday as "devices of the devil," principally because they had a tendency to diminish the attendances at his prayer meetings. He also made the very foolish observation that none of the devices of the devil were more insidious than football matches. If Mr. Price really believes what he says, he is an extremely unsophisticated old man, who should by this time have had enough experience of the world to know better; and if he does not believe what he says he is a humbug.

It may not be out of place to suggest that, at the next prayer meeting over which the reverend gentleman presides, he should turn to the third chapter of Ecclesiastes and take note of the opening verse, "To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven." Possibly it may then dawn upon him that it might be more advantageous to those of his congregation who do not object either to football matches or his prayer meetings for him to fix these latter assemblies for some other time than the two hours on Saturday afternoons when football matches are usually played. He would then have no occasion to ask his congregation whether they preferred attendance at local football matches to going to prayer meetings; and he would, by so doing, stand a far better chance against the wiles of that "most successfully insidious practitioner," as he was pleased to term the devil, than by senile denunciations of the attractions of a great and manly game and a health-giving and harmless pursuit.

A curious instance turned up the other day illustrative of the extraordinary vagueness that prevails about the rules of the Rugby game. There is affiliated to the Rugby Union a body of referees, who form a most useful and excellent institution. Perhaps presuming slightly on their utility, these persons met together and solemnly proposed several changes in the rules. However, as was pointed out at the time, they possessed no authority, and the changes that the meeting adopted would have no further force than as suggestions for the Rugby Union to consider. In spite of the clearness of this ruling, one of these referees—in a match of not sufficient importance to call public

attention to the fact—insisted on putting one of the proposals in practice, and actually disallowed a try because of some informality about the subsequent placing of the ball for the kick, giving a scrimmage instead on the place where the ball was placed. At the request of both sides, he, in the end, reluctantly altered his decision, but the possibility of such an illogical and unreasonable occurrence suggests the necessity of some steps being taken to bring under a more definite system the many existing differences and anomalies.

There seems to be now a high probability that the differences between the Welsh and English Unions will be bridged over. The original conciliatory action of the board in connection with Gould will bear its fruit, and the international matches will take place as usual. Newport and Cardiff are both playing a considerable number of English clubs, and will later in the season be each seen at Cambridge. Cardiff are, perhaps, the best team in the Principality, and are said by good judges to possess in Glyn Nicholls, one of the centre three-quarters, a player equal to Gould at his best. The praise sounds exorbitant, but the Welsh football world requires a hero of heroes, who, of course, must not be denied the extremes of laudation. Whether the Welsh clubs are likely to keep up their last year's superiority it is too early yet to decide. Blackheath, who have continued their victorious career by a crushing defeat of the Old Leysians, are certainly the best Southern English club, and probably also superior to any Northern club. If that is so, a line of comparison may be taken through their match with Bristol and the Cardiff and Bristol match. But as the Bristol team went under, with so very little resistance in both cases, the slight margin left by the results in favour of Cardiff is hardly enough to form a working standard of comparison.

The 'Varsities are already showing signs of the approaching term. At Cambridge, First Trinity, Emmanuel, Lady Margaret, and Caius have got their fours in working order, so that with several other colleges coaching for the clinkers, the spacious waters of the Cam are busy with life. Matters are less forward on the Thames, which will, however, be full of racing craft by Saturday. As far as football prospects are capable of discussion, it seems that Oxford are in much the same parlous state as they were last term in respect of cricket. Ten of last year's team have gone down, among whom are Leslie-Jones and E. M. Baker, both of International fame, and so far there are no conspicuous candidates to fill the gap. Of course, many of the forwards will also be missed, but this is a material which a 'Varsity can always supply at short notice, at least it is to be hoped so. More will be known after the two trial matches which take place next week, but at the worst the team will possess in its captain, A. R. Smith, one of the best full backs that ever came from Loretto or played for Scotland.

Cambridge, at first sight, seem in much the same plight, as they also have a deficiency of ten, and have given up to Blackheath their best half-back in Jacob, and a fast three-quarter in Wallis. But McKie, to whom Bell is going to give up the captainship, and Pilkington are both left, and there will be an exceptionally strong body of seniors from whom to draw, the best of whom is, perhaps, Black, who has appeared several times for London Scottish. Both 'Varsities have a very formidable programme to face. Indeed, the two lists of fixtures are largely identical, except that Oxford play the Welsh and Cambridge the Scotch teams when on tour after the 'Varsity match. Still, long before that great encounter it will be possible to get some idea of the respective merits of the two sides, as they both meet Blackheath, the London Scottish, and Richmond during the coming term.

Very little Association football of much public interest has as yet taken place. None of the old boy teams have, up to date, put their strongest material into the field, but it seems likely that neither the Old Westminsters nor Old Carthusians will be quite up to their usual strength. The Casuals, as is mostly the case, have on their list most of the good amateur players, but it is not often that they bring into action such a fine team as that with which they defeated the London Caledonians on Saturday. Somehow the *motif* of so many of the best London clubs is so far identical that many players appear at one time for one club, at one time for another, so that both the individuality and effectiveness of the clubs are damaged. The Corinthians, for instance, simply elect the best players of the day, and similarly anyone is eligible for the Casuals who has been up at either 'Varsity. It seems a pity that some players do not make up their minds at the beginning of a season to stick as nearly as may be to the same club.

Of the clubs whose status is narrower and whose interests are more or less associated with a locality, none has met with such conspicuous success as the Queen's Park Rangers. They



have up to date very successfully resisted the suggestions of professionalism, but it is rumoured that, tempted by the big "gates" with which they have been visited, they harbour thoughts of introducing paid players. Anything more lamentable could scarcely be imagined for the interests of the game in London. Nor is it easy to see why the off chance of thus getting hold of a few more successful, because less principled, players should weigh with any committee against the loss of sportsman-like atmosphere.

Partridges, no doubt, are not so plentiful this season as they were last year, and that last year of grace is likely to be known as the "bumper" year for some time to come; but, on the other hand, September of 1897 was a deal pleasanter month for shooting than last year's wet September. No doubt, too, the bulk of the partridge shooting in the driving counties has yet to be reckoned with. The September birds are scarcely strong enough on the wing to drive really well, or to offer the sporting shot that the driving gunner loves, but this was an early season both for birds and for the harvest; and where there is walking, with a little shooting over dogs, still to be done, the gunner has been grateful enough to have a fine September in which to get among the "little brown birds." Pheasants are more under control, their management and rearing is a more artificial matter, and you are less at the mercy of Dame Nature's feminine caprices; but still, even for the pheasant rearer, there are good years and bad years, years in which the pheasants do better or do worse, and this is emphatically, and on testimony drawn from all parts of the country, a good year. Both the wild pheasants have done well, and also a larger proportion than usual of tame birds have come to healthy maturity. On the whole, therefore, the gunner has no claim to be pitted.

Grouse, however, it must be admitted, were more or less of a failure—fairly good here and there, but, taking a census of the moors all round, certainly below the average; but partridges are well up to the average, and pheasants well above it. Anglers, on the contrary, have done, and continue to do, but poorly. The smaller rivers have done nothing—there has been little water in them and less fish; and even the big rivers, though making a more respectable show, have in no case proved equal to their reputations. Poaching seems to be on the increase and universally complained of, from the Tweed, where the preventive boat at Berwick and the river watchers have had their hands more than full, right down to the Taw and Torridge, where "red hake," it is said, has been selling at something like sixpence a pound.

The wonder is that the poachers should find the game worth the candle. We know that the supply of fish on our seaboard, not only of the salmon, but of all kinds, has, for some inscrutable reason, been very scanty this year. The net fisheries for salmon have done very little work; the herring fishery has been nearly ruined; even bass have not appeared in the estuaries in their generally respectable numbers. The sea serpent, it is true, has been sighted somewhere off Dundee, but for the rest the records show a remarkable paucity of fish-life on the coast. No one knows why. But yet it seems that poaching has been more rife than usual. Perhaps it was last year's plenty of fish that encouraged new recruits to fall into this year's poaching ranks, and if so, it is possible that the small results of their enterprise in the present season may cause some desertions before next year's fishing begins.

Pheasant shooting somehow does not flourish along the remoter counties of South Wales, in spite of the fact that much of the country is admirably adapted for pheasants, both in respect of cover and food. A chief reason for this, at least in one locality, was lately discovered to the hirer of some shooting by his keepers. They confessed that all their efforts to keep people out of the woods were unavailing. The cottagers, in fact, simply refused, urging as an excuse that they had always collected firewood in the covers, and always meant to. As a last resort, the tenant bowed to necessity, and has the oddments of fallen wood solemnly collected by the keepers and conveyed weekly for the neighbours' benefit to a fixed spot outside the woods. The pheasants now rest in comparative quiet, and it is to be hoped will increase. Yet the fear still remains that the firewood was not the sole object of the trespass. An old nursery rhyme affirms the peculating tendencies of Taffy, who always was and will be a born poacher, ingenious and plausible, half deceiving even himself to the belief that he has an inherited right to the game in his native place.

An apt comment on a suggestion made in these columns a month or so back—that the cycle is a valuable auxiliary to the gamekeeper—is furnished by the success of the keepers at Ruthven in catching, with the aid of their cycles, some poachers who, being in a light cart, would have had all the advantage of a man on foot. But they had no chance with the man on a cycle. In

their hurry to escape, when overtaken, they dealt ungently with the first cyclist who overtook them, smashing his machine, and throwing him into a ditch. But by this time the reserves had come up, in the person of an Airlie policeman, also mounted on a cycle. The enemy then took to flight, but their horse stumbled and fell, and the poachers then made off on foot. Ultimately they were captured, and eighty-three rabbits found in their cart were sequestrated.

Thus it is perfectly clear that if, often and often, the cycle is used as the poacher's friend in his nefarious work, it is equally useful for his capture when the legalised force is equipped in the same way. We do not find that the poacher is being regarded with the same leniency that was dealt out to him a few years ago, when he was looked on rather as Society's martyr than as a social sinner. The love of sport becoming more and more diffused into all classes, breeds a respect for the game laws that they did not command before. Only in Ireland it seems as if the poacher were usually given by the authorities that licence which England and Scotland are gradually learning to be not good for him. Still, he must always command our sneaking and half-ashamed sympathy, for the original instinct of poaching lies latent below the cultured and tempered zeal of every true sportsman.

The glories of the great October Fair of Ballinasloe have faded away sadly, and it is not the rollicking picnic it used to be early in the present century, if we are to believe the traditions handed down by the sporting gentry of Galway and Roscommon. In the good old times of the thirties or forties, Ballinasloe week was one wild orgie, and the doings which went on then would make one's hair stand on end even to think of. Still, the sight is yet a novel one, especially the sheep fair, which is held in the handsome demesne of Garbally, the seat of Lord Clancarty, which adjoins the town of Ballinasloe. Thousands of sheep—some years ago sixty to seventy thousand was nothing uncommon—are grouped about, and on a fine day the sight is a most picturesque one. The cattle fair, which is held on Friday in the great Fair Green, brings together as magnificent a lot of bullocks and heifers as could be seen anywhere, and often to the number of from twelve to twenty thousand beasts.

The death of Mr. Charles Wright, of Halston, Salop, has passed almost unnoticed by the sporting press—a fact rather surprising, considering how well known was the deceased gentleman in Shropshire and the Welsh border counties. For years the late Mr. Wright had spent most of the summer at Killaloe, County Clare, where he had some fishing, and it was there that he sickened with typhoid fever on the eve of his return to Halston. The coursing meetings on his Shropshire estate were at one time the most important in the district, but of late Mr. Wright had insisted on the gatherings being private. Good sport was, however, invariably had over the estate, game being strictly preserved, and had Mr. Wright been spared another season there is little doubt that an open meeting would have again been arranged. A staunch supporter of all sport, Mr. Wright often represented his county at cricket, and the local clubs have lost a good patron. He was a magistrate for the county of Salop, but took little or no interest in public affairs, being far happier when occupied in country pursuits. The Halston estate was at one time in the hands of the famous Jack Mytton, whose eccentric deeds have been immortalised.

The accident to Mr. James Hedley, necessitating his retirement on the first day, was the only drawback to the inaugural meeting of the Ridgway Club, held at Lytham last week. Southern visitors, among whom was Dr. Rutherford Harris, were loud in their praise of the arrangements, and also of the quality of the sport, the second day, when the Peel flats were tried, being a record even for Lytham. On this day, over eighty courses, an average of one every four and a-half minutes, were run, and not once was the legitimacy of any trial questioned. The youngsters out were admitted to be the best seen in England this season, and on the running Messrs. Fawcett and Mr. T. F. Waters never had a smarter lot of puppies than they have in hand at present. These prominent coursers were at the end of both the dog and bitch Produce Stakes, Mr. Waters taking three shares in the latter with Wicked Woman, Wet Wicket, and Will you Count 'Em? to the Messrs. Fawcett's one, with Flushed Face; whilst in the North Lancashire Stake it was just the reverse. The principal all-aged event, the Clifton Cup, won last year by the Messrs. Fawcett, fell to the share of Mr. L. Pilkington, whose Petronius was considered lucky to be given the victory over the Irish dog, Weather Forecast. Mr. Bull, who was in the saddle in place of Mr. Hedley, was generally admitted to have made a mistake. So keen was the interest in the meeting the whole of the three days, that the vitality of the sport, so far as the North is concerned, is unquestionable.

HIPPIAS.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is a daughter of J. Burke-Irwin, Esq., of The Priory, County Limerick. She became the wife of (then) Lord Glentworth in 1890, and has three children, the youngest of whom, born in 1894, is a boy, and heir to the Earldom. Lady Limerick is an Irish beauty, with harmonious features, large grey-blue eyes, long curled lashes, and a beautiful complexion.

## TOWN TOPICS.

SATURDAY, the 23rd inst., is the date fixed for laying the foundation-stone of the new Bluecoat School at Horsham, Sussex, by the Prince of Wales. How little could the founder have suspected that the price of land in the vicinity of Christ's Hospital would so enormously increase as to render the site of much greater value than the beautiful Gothic building he erected for the charity. Several "Bluecoat girls," as well as all the boys, will be present on the great occasion, and the distinctive "Carmen" of the institution will be sung.

Much dolour and what Chaucer called "dolefulle dumpes" are felt in consequence of the departure of the Grenadier Guards. The "girls they leave behind them" are more numerous than the boys who depart. It means a very gay winter for "Gib," and the orders sent home for vanities of every sort are eloquent of expectant anticipation.

The King of Siam is "gone for good" from among us, and has left a very pleasant impression behind him. There never was before so open-hearted and cheery an Oriental potentate, nor one whose manners are so natural and spontaneous. His many acts of good-natured kindness to persons in all ranks of life have given convincing proof that in far Siam his rule is of the beneficent order. Despot he may be, but he is at least a benevolent despot, which makes a marvellous difference.

On His Majesty's visit to Westminster Abbey he was astonished to hear the aerial music proceeding from the "celestial" organ recently erected in the triforium and connected with the terrestrial instrument by means of electricity. A similar addition is being constructed in St. Paul's Cathedral, the upper organ being built in one of the alcoves of the dome. The large one below is being fitted with all the latest improvements. Visitors from the country should bear this in mind, and not omit a visit to St. Paul's, when the work is completed.

The opening of New Niagara for the winter season brought together a smart crowd, the greater number of whom were spectators, though there were many skaters as well. The ice was in splendid condition, and London Society seemed delighted to regain its afternoon rendezvous. Pellegrini's band played chiefly waltzes, and among those who most gracefully skated to their inspiring strains were Miss Marguerite Call, Lady Alice Montagu, and Miss Hamilton.

The Spanish Princess, the particulars of whose will appeared in the papers in the early part of last week, was the late Duchesse de Montpensier, whose marriage, together with that of her sister Isabella, at the respective ages of fourteen and fifteen, was the outcome of the great "Spanish marriages" question that agitated the Powers in the beginning of the Queen's reign. The Comtesse de Paris and her brother, Don Antonio, the Duchess's only children, benefit to the extent of one-third of her property, the rest going to charitable institutions.

The Mayor of Luton, who is at the head of one of the largest straw hat manufactories in the world, is vigorously following up the "hats for horses" idea. The British Consul at Bordeaux is evidently a patriotic man. He has warned Luton that if it is not wide awake in this particular, foreign competition will step in, to the injury of British firms. The Mayor of Luton has had several samples tried on his own horses, and the most practical of these is a well-shaped covering that fits the head, with partial covering for the ears, and a long extension of the top part to protect the neck at the junction of the spine. There is nothing ridiculous or startling about this, and nothing to inconvenience or alarm the horse who wears it. The local Chamber of Commerce have been freshly spurred to action by a letter of inquiry on the subject from the Royal Mews at Windsor.

One of the principal subjects of conversation now is the effect the suburban theatres have had on London houses of entertainment. It is, unfortunately, true that business is not very good this autumn for theatrical impresarios, and one cannot wonder if dwellers in the suburbs prefer the ills they have rather than "to fly to others that they wot not of," for after all a new play may, or may not, be a disappointment, and husbands and fathers are wont to grumble horribly (!) at the extra expense of the railway and cab fares in addition to the theatre tickets, and perhaps a dinner in town thrown in, while the annoyance of having to rush home from the City, dress, and start off again, can only be avoided by going to the play in morning clothes and looking like an "order." Now that the suburban theatres are being booked by the best touring companies, with specially well-trained actresses and actors, there is little reason for mothers or daughters to come to town. Indeed, before long, we may expect to find there family parties such as we see on the Continent, where people walk to and from the theatre with the same deliberation as in going to and returning from church on Sundays.

At this time of year, plant foliage is apt to become lush, but there is a rich abundance about it that compensates for the absence of blossom, especially in the case of those plants the leaves of which develop warm autumnal tints. At 2 p.m. on Sunday the Row was absolutely empty; and there is little doubt that week-end parties, and the ease and convenience of foreign travel, the charm of foreign life and ways, greatly affect the wealthy population of London during the autumn and winter months. Who that could revel in the sunny southern shore would choose to endure the chills and fogs of our winter climate, not to mention the deluge of rainfall experienced here for nearly five long months? Wet omnibuses, wet clothes, wet umbrellas—these are the common lot of the compelled inhabitant. Not more than others may the richer class deserve, but we can hardly blame them for taking the gifts the gods provide them, and following the sun in his course round the globe.

It is a far cry from Hyde Park to Bermondsey; and that Bermondsey should have been selected as a health resort is one of the strangest facts in history. Its reputation was, however, established by the accidental residence of a monk (in the Abbey) who was supposed to understand the art of healing in an eminent degree. Queen Catherine, wife of Henry V., died at Bermondsey Abbey.

There will be a meeting in the Westminster Town Hall on the 21st inst., at 8 p.m., with reference to the petition against the further laying down of

asphalte in that parish. It is urged that its noisiness is harassing to horses; that in hot weather its heat is oppressive, and injurious to their feet; that in wet weather its slippery state is a perpetual source of accident and injury, owing to the strains on their limbs when stopping and starting. It is the opinion of experts that this pavement seriously impairs the efficacy of our horses, destroys their comfort, tends to break them down, and shortens their lives. It is also suggested, as proved by long experience, that no pavement is so suitable for horse traffic as good wood pavement. The petition is promoted by Our Dumb Friends' League, who earnestly ask the attendance of all who have at heart the welfare and well-being of those dumb friends who cannot plead their own cause.

## SWEET VIOLETS.

THE Violet family is filled with many jewels of the flower world. Smiling Heartsease and Pansy, plants that deck the garden through the rosy seasons of the year, belong to the dainty circle. As precious as any is our modest flower of blue that seeks the shade of bank, copse, and woodland margin, from which it pours its fragrance, sweeter even than "Cytherea's breath." Poets of old and the present age have written of this shy flower, which hides beneath the grasses of the wayside hedge, herald of winter's flight and the awakening of spring. When Primroses dapple the hedgerow with yellow, the Dog Violet (*Viola canina*) holds its large blue flowers to the sun, delicious colour harmony, but the flowers are scentless, without even the faint perfume of the garden Pansy.

Sweet Violets come to us in thousands during the early months of the year, and are sold in neat fresh bunches at a penny each when frost yet binds hard the garden soil. France gives to England bountiful supplies from the sunny farms of the South, where many acres are devoted to their culture. The industry is not confined to the South, but in the neighbourhood of Paris the plant is largely grown, in frames, of course, for winter bloom.

SINGLE VIOLETS.—The group of Sweet Violets has increased of recent years, and raisers are adding to the dainty throng. An arrival of bolder aspect than existing varieties is California. This is quite a new single Violet, as large as a small Pansy, and poised on a long stem that adds to its value for market, or for cutting generally. The rich blue flowers are deliciously perfumed, and the plant grows strongly, giving from a cold frame a long and free supply. Princess of Wales is another new Violet, the flowers as large as those of California, but rounder. Princess Beatrice is an improvement upon the old purple Wellsiana. Victoria Regina, a regal name for a modest flower, has the merit of endurance, though, apart from this, it is not very distinct. Admiral Avellan marks a departure from blue colouring, the flowers being of a reddish purple, similar to those of the Red Russian, which yields welcome flowers from the open garden in mild winters. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE who want to know about Violets should purchase California. Its bold, rich, and sweetly-perfumed flowers possess subtle charm. The only white single variety of note is the White Czar. Raisers will earn gratitude if they give to us a White California. Sulphurea is an interesting departure; its flowers are lemon-yellow, and sweetly-scented. The growth is robust.

DOUBLE VIOLETS.—The most fragrant variety in a fragrant family is the Marie Louise Violet, too familiar to describe. It seems filled with perfume, which clings to the flowers when they have even long lost their freshness. No kind is so precious in winter, when its flowers may be gathered from frames to fill the house with odour. Marie Louise possesses a valuable attribute—freedom—which is not so fully developed in the White Comte de Brazza. This kind is, however, worth growing for the sake of variety. The De Parme Violet is an improvement upon the Neapolitan, less tender in colour, perhaps, yet strong and free. The deep blue Victoria is very late, and forms a welcome succession. Mme. Millet is of a heliotrope tone, but we dislike shades of this nondescript colour, pretty sometimes, but not in the Violet, which is never so beautiful as in its natural dress. It is the "Violet darkly blue" we enjoy a thousand times more than æsthetic shades of red or heliotrope.

WAYS OF GROWING VIOLETS.—We will briefly refer to ways of growing the Violet. If flowers are wanted during the coming winter, well-prepared plants from pots should not disappoint. The writer is acquainted with a small garden in which a cold frame is devoted to the double variety, Marie Louise. From late autumn until winter has flown the flowers are gathered in quantity. Sufficient covering material is placed over the lights in case of severe frost. Thoroughly well-prepared plants are the foundation of success. Without these it is impossible to obtain even a few flowers. The end of September is, perhaps, the best time in the year for planting Violets in frames, but it is not too late even now if, as we previously mentioned, the plants are from pots. Select for the frame a south position and sheltered from easterly winds. Some growers stand the frame upon a brick, and in the bottom place rough drainage in the form of disused pea sticks or anything of that nature. Upon this woody foundation put a thick layer of leaves, even straw will suffice, to prevent the soil in which the Violets are to be planted from escaping into the loose arrangement of sticks. The plants will not need more than a foot depth of soil, and this should be composed of fibrous loam—free from wireworm—mixed with leaf-mould, wood-ashes, and road-scrappings. If one remembers the light soil in which the wayside Violet delights, it will be seen that material in any way cold or harsh is utterly unsuitable. These details may appear too simple to record, but it is in observing such points that success is gained. Put the plants near the glass, not less than eight inches, and if the leaves of the neighbouring tufts just touch, it will suffice. Give a thorough soaking of water after the planting is finished, and, from that time until winter has almost gone, very little moisture will be required. Never shut the frame close after planting, but promote a sturdy growth by ventilating it whenever the weather is not frosty. English winters are not always unkind. Artificial heat is not really needful in the culture of the Violet in frames. We have seen great success without its assistance. When the plants are put out in the spring, select a spot where the soil is fairly rich, and, in the event of dry weather, water freely, otherwise red spider will play sad havoc. The aim of the grower should be to get plants freely furnished with flower-buds in September, and to promote this desirable end, mulch the tufts with well-rotted manure in June.

VIOLETS IN THE GARDEN.—Violets will not thrive everywhere, and no coaxing will induce them to behave respectably. London smoke and crowded suburbs are poisonous. Though they seek the shelter of the hedgerow and copse, that is different to the stuffy protection of a wall, where no fresh air currents are present to give life to the plants. Partial shade, rich soil, and moderate moisture are necessary to the Violet—not sunny, hungry spots, where no grateful shelter screens the perfumed flowers,



## British Fruit at the Crystal Palace.

THE three days' exhibition recently held under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society at the Crystal Palace was a revelation of the capabilities of our sea-girt isles in the production of high-class fruit. Rich produce and, perhaps, rosier apples come from sunnier lands, but for quality no imports can beat the specimens that our land supplies. Fruit growers have much to thank the Royal Horticultural Society for in awakening a keen interest in an important industry. At the luncheon on the opening day Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., was surrounded by the leading fruit growers of the present time, who are determined to bring into its proper position the great fruit trade of this country. Acres of land have still to be reclaimed, acres now filled with scrubby trees of worthless varieties. A great work has to be accomplished, and this may be realised by exhibitions and lectures. The secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society (the Rev. W. Wilks) and his assistants must be congratulated upon the success that attends these annual displays. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE who wish to know about fruit of all

yore, made a strong muster, Messrs. G. Bunyard and Co.'s collections winning premier awards. Kent, of course, is a fair fruit county, but in the nurseries of this firm we find fruit culture practised in the most extensive and careful way; hence the splendid specimens at the Crystal Palace. This firm won the first prize in the class for a collection of not less than seventy-five and not more than a hundred varieties of hardy fruit, shown in baskets or dishes. The exhibit was arranged tastefully with palms and fine leaved plants, setting off the beauty of such apples as Gascoigne's Seedling, Bismarck, Peasgood's Nonsuch, Bramley's Seedling, and the popular King of the Pippins. Amongst the pears, especially fine were Pitmaston Duchess, Louise Bonne of Jersey, and those delicious kinds Marie Louise and Doyenné du Comice. A pear grower would never omit these from his list. The same firm had a remarkable exhibit in the class in which the fruit was limited to that grown partly or entirely under glass. The pot trees were pictures of beauty.

Another splendid display came from the Sawbridgeworth



Photo. by

THE QUEEN'S EXHIBIT.

Negretti and Zambra.

kinds will receive ready assistance, as we intend to help forward what is an important industry, that might easily fall, through foreign competition, into other hands than ours. We do not despise the ruddy fruits from our colonies, rather rejoice in the produce our countrymen from over the seas import, but we must ever remember that the British Isles can give splendid results, too, if a reasonable number of varieties is grown, not a medley of indifferent kinds. The lectures, upon fruit growing by that famous grower of Maidstone, Mr. George Bunyard, who discoursed upon the progress of fruit culture during the Queen's reign, and by Mr. A. W. Sutton, of the world-wide-known firm of Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading, who reviewed vegetable culture from the same standpoint, were of great interest. Mr. Assbee, superintendent of Covent Garden Market, told us of the market aspect of horticulture. We wish space permitted lengthy extracts to be made.

The exhibition itself was of great extent. Every class of fruit was represented well, not only in numbers, but, what is more important, quality. Visitors were prepared to find a less attractive display, as this is not an ideal fruit year, but the apples were even finer than on previous occasions. The trade growers, as of

firm of Messrs. T. Rivers and Son, who were first for a collection of pot trees in fruit. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, and grapes were represented. One fruit of the Pitmaston Duchess pear weighed about two pounds. The Conference and Marie Louise d'Uccle varieties were also conspicuous for their size. Amongst the plums were fruits of that excellent late kind, Coe's Golden Drop; whilst of apples, mention must be made of Emperor Alexander, Cox's Orange Pippin, Ribston Pippin—two of the most popular dessert fruits grown—Washington, and the showy King of Tompkins County. A gold medal was awarded this collection as a first prize. Other successful nurserymen were Mr. J. Colvill, Sidmouth, Devon, who gained a silver-gilt medal for a collection, and Mr. H. Berwick, of the same locality. The apples from Mr. John Barham, Fair Oak Nurseries, Bassaleg, near Newport, were well worthy of the premier prize.

The miscellaneous portion of the show was very beautiful. A centre of attraction was the noble group from Her Majesty's gardens at Frogmore. Apples, pears, and, indeed, fruits of many kinds composed this conspicuous trophy, the new golden Jubilee tomato, surrounded with pine-apples, forming a showy and bold feature. This new tomato was raised, we believe, by Mr.

Owen Thomas, the Queen's gardener. Its colour is clear golden yellow, and the flavour is of great delicacy. Another picture of colour was the splendid display of tomatoes from Messrs. Sutton and Sons, the Royal Nurseries, Reading. The fruits were in neat baskets, and comprised a host of kinds, many of them raised by the firm, who have accomplished good work in acquiring novelties which show a distinct advance on existing kinds. The chief varieties were the following, and the colours were almost as varied as in any other fruit. Peachblow was of a distinct shade, quite a peach tint, and in Pomegranate the colouring of the pomegranate fruit was reproduced. Of great importance, however, is the quality, which is beyond reproach. Pretty looks are not everything. A yellow variety of much beauty is Prince of Wales, and of note, too, are Golden Queen and Sunbeam. These yellow kinds are a distinct advance on previous types in form and purity of colour. Of course Sutton's Perfection was exhibited, that splendid show tomato, and the valuable Ar, conspicuous for its freedom and rich colour.

We were pleased to see such prominence given to a valuable fruit. Tomato growing has attained huge proportions during the Queen's reign; new and excellent varieties have been raised, and the fruit used in many ways. It is not unlikely that in the near future the smaller kinds of delicate flavour will form part of the choicest dessert. Many uses may be made of the tomato, some preferring raw fruit, others prepared in various dainty styles.

Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, of Chelsea, had a representative collection of splendid fruit, also a group of nerines. From the great Sussex fruit nurseries of Messrs. Cheal and Son, Crawley, came an interesting assortment, every variety thoroughly well shown. Fruit, and their famous tuberous begonias, were exhibited by Messrs. J. Laing and Sons, Forest Hill. Messrs. Paul and Son, Cheshunt, and Messrs. W. Paul and Son, Waltham Cross, had glorious roses to vary the display, whilst flowers of autumn came from the Tottenham nursery of Mr. T. S. Ware and the Long Ditton grounds of Messrs. Barr and Son. The well-known firm of Messrs. Cannell and Son, Swanley, had a bank of the popular cannas. Messrs. B. S. Williams and Son, Upper Holloway, Messrs. J. Peed and Sons, and Messrs. Harkness

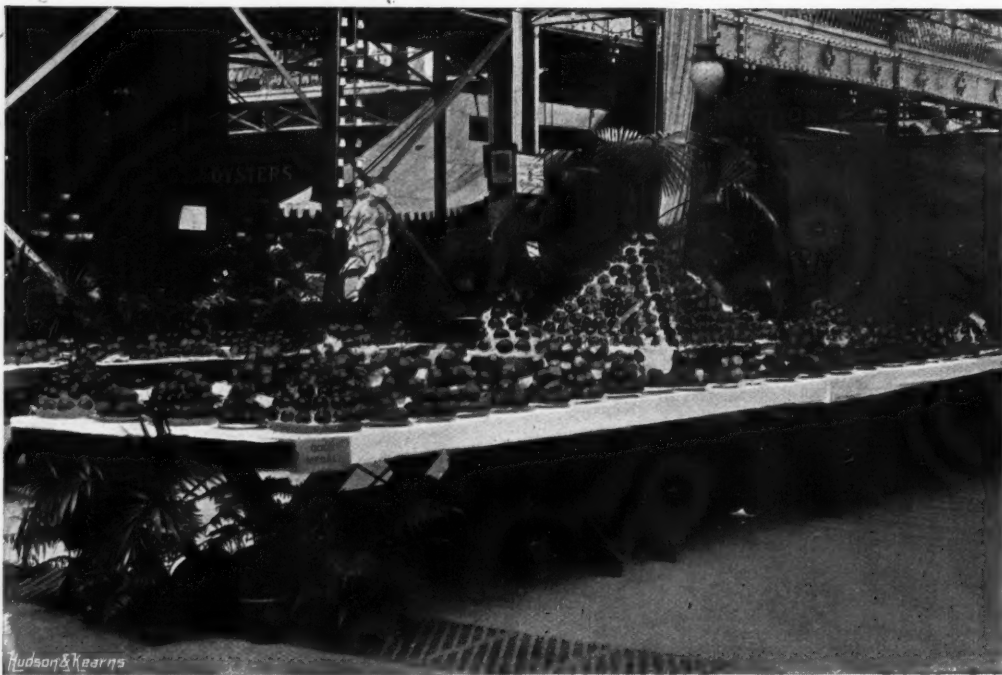


Photo. by

## SPLENDID SPECIMENS.

Negretti and Zambra.

and Sons, Bedale, Yorkshire, were also leading exhibitors. Besides the miscellaneous groups, many classes were open only to amateur growers and gardeners. The collections of dessert fruit were delightful, everything thoroughly well grown. Here Lady Henry Somerset, Eastnor Castle, Ledbury (gardener, Mr. Harris), was a successful exhibitor, also the Earl of Harrington, Elvaston Castle, Derby (gardener, Mr. Goodacre), and Sir J. W. Pease, Bart., M.P., Hutton Hall, Guisborough (gardener, Mr. J. McIndoe). The Messrs. de Rothschild, Gunnersbury Park, Acton (gardener, Mr. G. Reynolds), scored in many classes, the collection of grapes being as fine as anything we have seen of recent years. The amber clusters of the delicious Chasselas Napoleon were in the exhibit. The Earl Percy, Syon House, Brentford (gardener, Mr. G. Wythes), was first for a very fine collection of fifty dishes grown in the open, and for thirty-six dishes, the fruit grown under glass, Sir Mark Collett, Bart., St. Clare, Sevenoaks (gardener, Mr. R. Potter), was to the front. We must not forget the splendid apples from Sir E. Loder, Leonardslee, Horsham, and Roger Leigh, Esq., Maidstone, nor the fruits of Bramley's Seedling—a kitchen kind of great excellence—that were shown by J. Colman, Esq., Gatton Park, Reigate (gardener, Mr. King), in competition for prizes offered by

Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, Southwell, Notts, who, we believe, raised this grand kind. The apples from C. Dresden, Esq., Livermere Park, Bury St. Edmunds (gardener, Mr. J. C. Tallack), were conspicuous for their beauty, especially the variety Court Pendu Plat, but we must not proceed further with details. We were pleased to see that in the class for the best-flavoured apples the awards went to Ribston Pippin and Cox's Orange Pippin. Flavour is almost everything, but sometimes growers and raisers, in their endeavour to secure bulk, forget quality.

The grapes were of remarkable quality, especially those from the Messrs. de Rothschild, as we have previously recorded. No variety is more easily grown and delicious in flavour than Black Hamburg grape, which may not bear the showy aspect of some kinds, but has quality. Buckland Sweetwater also was well shown, and these two kinds, the one jet black, the other white, are the grapes for a beginner to commence with. Gros Maroc and Gros Colman are very handsome varieties, it is



Photo. by

## A WONDERFUL DISPLAY.

Negretti and Zambra.



true, but they are not eaten when Hamburg or some Muscat kind is on the table. The clusters of Muscat of Alexandria and Madresfield Court showed these splendid kinds to perfection.

The apple was, of course, the leading feature. It is a national fruit, and amongst the dessert kinds, none was more often seen than Cox's Orange Pippin. If there is one apple more than another that should be planted, it is this Pippin. Ribston Pippin, the British dessert apple, was in evidence, and in spite of all new arrivals, none are so richly flavoured as this famous variety. Blenheim Orange Pippin, Golden Russet, Cockle Pippin, Brownlee's Russet, Baumann's Red Winter Reinette, Fearn's Pippin, the popular King of the Pippins, Rosemary Russet—a delicious apple—Sturmer Pippin, and Worcester Pearmain, were kinds finely represented. In

the section for kitchen or cooking apples, Bramley's Seedling was of note, a splendid fruit for profit and quality. The same may be said of Lane's Prince Albert. Both these are comparatively new apples, but standard kinds. Alfriston, Cellini—brilliant in colour—Cox's Pomona, the Bismarck apple—a new variety of handsome appearance—Wellington, Emperor Alexander, Golden Noble, Lord Suffield, Lord Grosvenor, Royal Jubilee, Sandringham, and The Queen were delightful. The last three named are novelties in a sense, at least for fruit. A new fruit does not gain immediate popularity, but many years sometimes elapse before the public awaken to its virtues.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the Royal Horticultural Society will continue its good work, and be always as well supported by fruit growers as on the present occasion.

## CRICKET: Mr. Warner's Eleven in New York.

THE English Eleven on a cricket tour in the United States, under the captaincy of Mr. P. F. Warner, the Middlesex amateur, played their first match at Staten Island, on September 13-14th, against the New York C.C. Most of the New York team were Englishmen who are settled in the city. The ground is a trifle small at one end, but the surroundings are picturesque in the extreme, and the wicket played very fairly. The soil in America is quite different to that usually found on English cricket grounds, the wickets usually crumbling very quickly. The scoring-board was quite an ingenious invention. The names of the batsmen and bowlers were written in chalk by a neat and skilful writer. The Englishmen won the toss, and batted first, Warner going in himself with Chinnery to face the bowling of Cobb and Clarke. The wicket for the first hour and a-half played all sorts of tricks, the bowling bumping about in the most alarming fashion. Chinnery was hit four times on the body in the space of two overs. Runs came fairly quickly, however, and 24 were totalled before Chinnery was



Photo. Hare,

THE TWO TEAMS.

New York.

clean bowled. Marriott, the new-comer, shaped well, and runs came at a capital pace. Fifty were totalled in three-quarters of an hour, but directly afterwards a fine ball from Cobb disturbed Warner's wicket. He had played a sound innings. Jessop, who had a hearty reception on walking to the wickets, made one fine hit, but then fell to a most magnificent running catch in the long field. This brought Leveson-Gower and Tonge together, and a useful stand was made. Forty runs were added, and then Tonge was bowled for a carefully-played innings. Leveson-Gower played one of the best innings of his life. He was out just before lunch, bowled off his pads. After lunch Head played really good cricket, and with Whatman made a useful stand. The innings eventually closed for 196—a capital score, considering the wicket, which had not recovered from recent rains. Cobb and Kelly both bowled well, especially the former. He is right hand, and varies his pace well, while Kelly is a left-hander.

Clarke and Curran opened the New York innings to the bowling of Jessop and Bull. Twenty-four runs were quickly

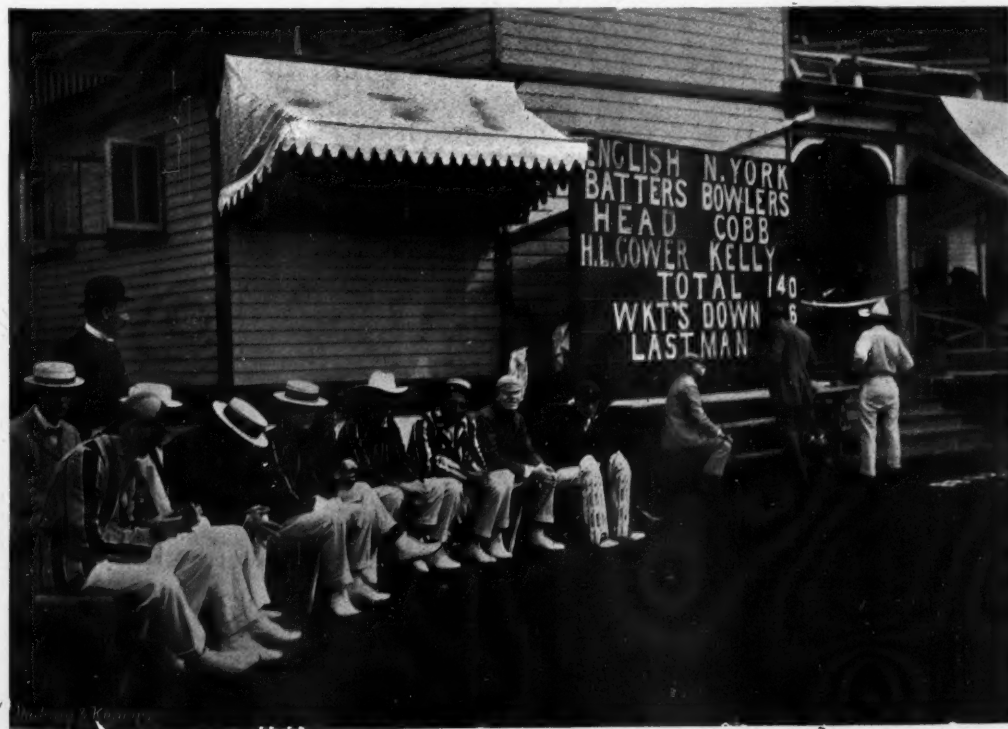


Photo. Hare,

ROUND THE PAVILION.

New York.

scored, and then Clarke played Bull into his wicket. Fifty was reached for the loss of three wickets. At 56 Stocks relieved Jessop, and the venture rapidly closed for 78, or 118 runs behind. Bull bowled admirably, and completely nonplussed most of the batsmen. Stocks, too, bowled well, but Jessop seemed unable to get a proper length. Half an hour remained for play when Head and Jessop opened our second innings. Jessop scored five off the first over, and then was caught at slip. Tonge's first ball proved to be his last, and at the drawing of stumps, the score stood at 33 for two wickets, Head and Whatman being the not outs. On resuming on Tuesday, September 14th, the score was taken to 53, when Whatman was caught at point for a well-played 24. Warner came next, and 54 runs were added in thirty-five minutes, when the captain was well caught in the long field for an excellent 24. Head all this time had been playing good cricket, and when he was eventually caught in the slips he had compiled a faultless 86, his driving and play off his legs being the best points of a truly admirable innings. Chinnery hit vigorously, but succumbed to a well-judged catch by Prendergast, when he had totalled 19. The ninth wicket fell at 199,

but Stocks and Bennett made a long stand for the last wicket, the latter's hitting being very brilliant. He should have been caught in the long field when 15, and he made one or two somewhat lucky strokes, but these small blemishes notwithstanding, he played very well. The innings closed for 249, Bennett not out 53. New York again made a poor show in their second innings. There was one good stand by Cobb and Curran, but after these two batsmen had been separated little resistance was offered to the bowling. Bull was again in fine form, and his record for the match—twelve wickets for 97 runs—was a splendid performance. Stocks again did well, while Jessop bowled better than in the first innings. The match thus ended in an easy victory for us by 244 runs. Hemingway was unable to play owing to a slight attack of rheumatism.

Cricket has not yet taken a firm footing in New York, baseball being still the great attraction. There were about 800 spectators each day, amongst whom were many ladies.

After a very enjoyable five days' stay in New York, the cricketers left that city on Thursday, September 16th, for Philadelphia.

## A CHAMPION HACKNEY.

OUR illustration of Marvel is a reproduction from a photograph of a picture painted by the well-known animal painter, Mr. Lynwood Palmer.

MARVEL is a celebrated Hackney gelding, and was bred by Mr. W. B. Vanson, of Rookwood, March, Cambs. In colour he is a dark brown, with a white star on his forehead. He stands

14.2. His successes in the show-ring have been many, he having won over 100 first prizes, besides championships. His dam is Rookwood Queen, and through his sire Cadet he combines the best strains of Yorkshire and Norfolk Hackney blood.

Our illustration shows that Marvel is a remarkably handsome horse, with a well set on head, deep girthed and short bodied, standing on good sound limbs—in fact, a level-made, well-shaped horse all over. His action is good at all paces. He walks well, and trots round a show-ring as few other horses can; in fact, his grand action is almost invariably greeted with a round of applause from the spectators.

He is a very stout horse, and can trot long distances at high speed; indeed, the longer he goes the better his action. He once trotted from the Ross to the Hereford Show, a distance of sixteen miles, and went straight into the show-ring, where he never showed to greater advantage than on this occasion. Among others, he beat the well-known prize-winner, Lord Bute, at this show. When shown in the halter his action is as good as in harness, and he closely resembles his sire Cadet in appearance.

Unlike many other horses that are kept almost exclusively for the show-ring, Marvel may be seen about town in all weathers, driven by his owner, Mr. H. C. Cogswell.



MARVEL.

## CYCLING NOTES.

A GOOD deal of outcry is being made at the present moment about the number of bicycle accidents that seem prevalent. It is, of course, requisite to consider these accidents not absolutely, but relatively to the number of those cyclists that ride without accident, in order to estimate them properly; but after all these considerations have been given their due force, it still appears that bicycle accidents are rather more numerous than they ought to be, comparing them with railway and carriage accidents. An analysis of them seems to show that in almost every instance the danger was avoidable. Generally it seems to have been incurred in "coasting," as in the very sad case of Mr. Maxwell, Lord Farnham's son. "Coasting," without knowledge of what is before one on the descent, or at its foot, has been mentioned over and over again in these notes as a practice that it is most necessary to avoid. The necessity for caution down an unknown hill seems so very obvious; and yet very many people seem quite ready to take the risk. Even with the best of brakes it remains dangerous, and without a very efficient brake it is almost an act of lunacy. In almost every instance of cycle accident it is the cyclist himself, or herself, that suffers injury. In hardly any case has the pedestrian suffered; and, therefore, cycling need not be branded as so great a danger to the public as it is the custom to regard it in some quarters. And we must disagree with the dictum pronounced by one contemporary that it is generally the tyro that suffers, the novice that courts death under omnibus wheels. It looks terribly perilous to see "wobblers" performing their evolutions in crowded traffic; but, as an actual fact, these do not seem to be the folk that suffer. It is wonderful that

they should not; but those of us that are accustomed to riding in the crowded streets know how very much easier and less perilous it is than it appears. The great safeguard is that where the crowd is considerable the traffic moves slowly, and where the traffic is moving slowly it is able to pull up or to change its course quickly. No; the majority of the accidents happen to those who are "scorching," road-racing, and the rest of it. And this for several obvious reasons. At great speed it is, of course, harder to avoid a suddenly-appearing obstacle than at a more moderate pace. Secondly, the strain on every bit of mechanism of the cycle is increased with the increased pace; and thirdly, and most important factor of all, if any breakdown or collision occurs while going at great speed the risk of fracture, or even of fatal result, is increased enormously. At a moderate pace we can come a cropper and pick ourselves up with comparative unconcern, but the case of one who is thrown at racing speed is almost as bad as that of one who is thrown from a train going at great speed. The shock on reaching terra firma is very greatly aggravated.

And therefore it is that we hope that the good sense and instinct of self-preservation of the cyclists themselves will be at least as operative as the efforts of the Reigate magistrates—which seem on the whole well directed, even if they are a little inconsistent—in checking the practice of road-racing and record-making on the highways. No doubt, for a while now, we shall hear less of these racings and the resultant accidents, for the roads, with the coming of winter, will be in less excellent condition for the record-breakers; and with a sense of the danger of racing on the high roads we may hope to see racing confined to



its proper place—the race-track—and our highways left unencumbered by the scorched. The wonderful performances of Stocks and Platt-Betts are really working us all up to a considerable interest in cycle-racing against time on the track. As soon as one makes a record the other immediately beats it, and one is *intrigue* to know when the business will be brought down to its lowest point. In the road-racing no one takes an interest, except perhaps those cycle makers who finance the record riders, with a view to an advertisement of the machines used. The sooner we hear the last of these road-racers, the better for them and for the general comfort of the highways.

It is no wonder that our English makers, under stress of all conceivable competition, both at home and abroad, should try every conceivable method of advertisement. With home competition they can have no ground of quarrel, but really it does seem unconscionably hard upon them that they should have to suffer such severe rivalry from the American makers, and yet be able to do nothing in the way of revenge. For by the time the duties are all paid, and a machine has paid its carriage into America, the price that the English maker has to get for it, in order to make his own trade profit, is something like cent. per cent. more than he can afford to sell the machine at in Britain. And not only so, but it is nearly cent. per cent. more than the price at which the American can afford to sell his machine in this country; for though labour is dearer in America, the American maker squares this difference by putting a less excellent quality into his machine than the British maker gives us. He has to pay nothing by way of duty in order to come into the British market, and the cost of transit is the least factor in raising the cost of the machine to the purchaser. We speak with no doubtful voice in saying that the quality of American-made machines is less excellent than our own. The proof is in the riding; which goes to show that the average life of an American machine is only about two-thirds of the duration of one of our native make. Of course this is in part due to the American craze for lightness, but in a greater measure it is due to the inferior quality of the materials used.

Some of the all-steel Canadian machines appear to be having a certain vogue over here; but we cannot make out that they are in any way superior to our own machines. They weigh about twenty-three pounds, without the gear-case; but this is not a very exceptionally light weight, and they seem to have some of the American defects which appear the inseparable defects of lightness. For one thing, the pedals are apt to be absurdly small—a typical American fault.

Personally we cannot admire the all-steel appearance; and undoubtedly the surface of the framework liable to rust is a deal greater here than in machines of the more normal fashion. A good machine—the prejudice against which has always seemed to us a little unjustified, and which seems at length to be overcoming that prejudice—is the bamboo cycle. We are not aware that the company has made any strikingly new departure lately, but certainly one sees more cycles of their make on the roads than one used to see. For ourselves, we long ago made ample trial of the bamboo, and found it excellent. That it is better than any other would be a big thing to affirm, but certainly it appeared to run very smoothly, and with remarkably little vibration, nor did we experience



Photo. Thomas. OLD CHINGFORD CHURCH.

Copyright.

that lack of rigidity that has sometimes been charged against the bamboo by riders of the iron-limbed machines.

*A propos*, we see that the published returns of fatal accidents on the railway go to show that about one person in ten and a-half million of those who travel may expect to be killed; and on this showing a railway train seems to be rather safer than one's own fireside. At least, there can be little doubt that the average would come out better than from the same method of computation applied to cyclists. And minor accidents from cycles are certainly more frequent than from train travelling. Against all this, however, there is something to be said in favour of the healthfulness of cycle exercise. No one, not even a director of a railway company, can seriously urge that railway travelling is directly beneficial to the passenger's health; on the contrary, it is known to be extremely trying to the brain and wearing to the nerve. Cycling, on the other hand, in spite of the occasional instances of furious riders doing themselves an injury by over-exertion, must be admitted to make forcibly for the general health, giving fine exercise to the muscles and lungs under the most favourable conditions for breathing the purest air. Cycling may not be a good invention for the special branch of insurance that insures against accident alone, but certainly it favours life insurance companies in general by its contribution to increased longevity and public health.

## HEREFORDSHIRE HOPS.

CONFINED to but five counties in England—Kent, Hereford, Sussex, Worcester, and Hants—the cultivation of the hop is but little known to the great body of agriculturists of other districts, and the appearance of hop-



Photo. G. Edwards.

A FAMILY CRIB.

Copyright.

gardens, or hop-yards, as they are termed in the Western Counties, is quite unrealised by the majority of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Yet there is, perhaps, no branch of agriculture that is at once so fascinating, so speculative, and, at times, so remunerative, as hop growing. Nor is there any crop that needs so much scientific knowledge and unremitting attention from the time the vine breaks through the soil in early spring, till the fruit is gathered, dried, and pocketed in late autumn. A very beautiful sight is a hop-yard during the latter end of August and first weeks of September; for then the bine has climbed to the tops of the poles, and, bending over, droops loosely down or clings to the nearest bine, entwining together, and forming a succession of bowers and canopies, whilst the yellow-green hops hang in clusters, resembling huge bunches of grapes. Picking then is in full swing. Between the rows of poles, or strings, the hop-cribs are placed, and the pickers, all busily employed in pulling off the hops, stand or sit around, forming many picturesque groups. But a hop-yard is of interest, even to the uninitiated, at all stages. In April the soil is carefully ploughed between the rows. In May the young shoots sprout above the ground. Then the poling or stringing takes place, and many ingenious methods of connecting the string with the overhead wires are in vogue, and it is remarkable with what rapidity a proficient workman can connect the strings along the rows of wire. Cutting out the hollow bine becomes necessary about this time, and training the young hop-bines to climb the poles or string. If grown on poles it is necessary to tie them in two or three places, but if grown on string it is only requisite to give them a few twists round it in the early stages, as they soon wind of themselves, following the course of the sun. Work there is always to be done in a hop-yard, even if all goes well—ploughing, scuffling, and weeding—but more frequently than not the leaves are attacked by blight; then the farmer has need to resort to washing them with a decoction of soft soap or quassia chips. A good friend to the farmer at these times is the little ladybird, for the larvæ of this small beetle are as terrible as the seven-headed hydra in the voracity with which they prey upon and devour the aphids and plant-lice. In Herefordshire and Worcestershire, this beetle in the larva stage is called the Collier. The French peasant has given it the name "*Bête Dieu*," in recognition of the service it renders to horticulturists.

If, however, the hop grower has escaped the dreaded aphids, or has successfully overcome them, by copious washing and by

Photo. G. Edwards. *THREE GENERATIONS.*

Copyright.

the aid of specially-designed syringing machines, there are still other conditions militating against him. In times of drought, or when the days are dull and sunless, the bine will not grow, and the crop fails. Or, it may be that so far all has gone well with the hops. The bines, strong and vigorous, have thrown out laterals which sway in the breeze, and bear their full complement of strobiles or catkins, known as hops. The farmer is perchance congratulating himself on the splendid appearance of his crop, and is looking forward to picking in a few days' time. Suddenly, in the night possibly, there springs up one of those violent wind storms, such as this year have visited our country. In a single night great damage may thus be caused, hop-poles blown down in all directions, strings broken, and hops bruised, causing

Photo. G. Edwards. *MEASURING UP.*

Copyright.

them to turn brown and spoil the colour of the sample. Or, perhaps, a worse misfortune may await him, and mould attack the hops. This fell disease is usually occasioned by a continuation of cold, damp, foggy weather, with little sunshine or warm breeze. To combat this fungous disease, and prevent it spreading and destroying the whole fruits of his labour, the farmer uses powdered sulphur, which he sprinkles by means of blowing machines on the hops while the dew is on them. This sulphuring is not only a means of checking the spread of mould, but to some extent it assists to exterminate blight. Formerly, little or nothing was done to prevent blight and mould, and the hop crop had just to take its chance. As a natural sequence, not only was the quantity of hops put on the market smaller, but the quality, taken on the average, was much inferior to that of the present day. At the same time, with this restricted output, the demand for hops was as great, if not greater, than now, for brewers then used but sparingly the chemical hop substitutes. Thus it came about that growers who had choice hops could ask and obtain long prices, and there are many well-authenticated cases of farmers making respectable fortunes by growing hops in a few years. If, however, hop growers cannot hope to obtain the high prices that formerly ruled, the average yield per acre is greater, and to those growers who make a careful study of hop culture, this crop must command attention, and probably will continue to prove remunerative.

Photo. G. Edwards. *POLE DRAWING.*

Copyright.

The picking usually extends over a period of from four to five weeks, the hops ripening very rapidly after attaining full size. In order that the whole crop should not ripen at one time, large growers plant several varieties, but even then the time is so short and the picking such a long process that considerable difficulty is often experienced in harvesting them in good condition. All the available strength from the surrounding villages is requisitioned, men, women, and children lending a willing hand. To each separate family is allotted a crib in which to pick the hops, and though the pay is small—a shilling for six or seven bushels being the usual remuneration—by the united efforts of the whole family, a nice little nest-egg for the winter can be accumulated. Often three or even four generations may be seen picking together at the same crib—great-grandfathers and grandmothers well on in the "seventh age of man" and tiny toddlers, each doing their "mickle to mak' the muckle," whilst the three-month baby is placed close by in a perambulator that has done duty for more than one of the family. It is good to look upon the smiling faces of the old ladies in their cotton sun bonnets as they ply their work, or at the bright healthy country children, who all look forward to "hopping time" as the outing of the year. Soon after it is light they commence work. Bringing their own breakfast and dinner with them, they make their gipsy fires between the rows of hops and boil their kettles, for tea is the great beverage of the women and children,



the men usually drinking old Herefordshire cider—the pure unadulterated juice of the apple. Finishing the day's work about sundown, they wend their way homeward, where over the welcome fire they recount the gossip of the day, or speculate as to the "price the maister be a likely to get for hees hops," or what the hop-pickers' dance and supper will be like this year. Such is a brief sketch of the villagers called the home pickers during the hop-picking, but these are not all who are to be met with in a hop-yard. In all large yards the farmer has to depend mainly on hop-pickers drawn from the large towns and mining districts. These people, whom the home pickers term "foreigners," have to be housed by the farmer during the picking. Large barns are cleared out and partitioned off and fixed up as sleeping places, and a liberal supply of straw and brown blankets is given them, on which they "doss" as serenely as does the noble lord in his feather-bed. These pickers again have to be supplemented by gipsies and tramps. The gipsies are, perhaps, the very best pickers to be had; they work unceasingly, and earn more money than any other class, but the poultry, rabbits, and apples have an astonishing way of disappearing during the stay of the Bohemian fraternity.

The drying of the hops is a most important feature. Two or three times a day the hops are collected in large sacks, and taken to the kilns to be dried. The kilns are generally built on the end of the farmhouse, and are of two kinds, square and round, with pointed roofs and wind vanes, forming a conspicuous and characteristic feature of the homestead. In the lower half is the fire of coke or anthracite coal, over which smoulders a large pan of sulphur. The heat and fumes from the fire pass upward through the open joists and horsehair sacking floor to

the room above, in which the hops are placed to dry and cure. When they are sufficiently dried they are pressed into long sacks called pockets, and are then ready for market. Drying is the most important branch of the whole operation. Over-drying or under-drying is fatal to the production of a good sample. Only by long experience and careful attention can a capable drier determine when the proper stage is reached. It is night and day work for the head drier and his assistant, while the fumes of the sulphur make it anything but a pleasant occupation; still, good wages are earned, and the position is looked up to as one of trust and confidence by the farmer's best man.

Naturally, through long familiarity with hops, the inhabitants of the districts find in the plant many uses other than that of bittering malt beer, and many herbal samples are produced therefrom. An infusion of the leaves and strobiles is known as hop tea, and is considered by the peasantry to be of great benefit to persons troubled with sluggish liver. A sedative powder is made from the golden dust of the bracts. Again, the dried hop is mixed with tobacco, and smoked, to allay the pain of toothache. A pillow stuffed with hops is thought to be a cure for sleeplessness, and hops, steeped and applied as a poultice, are used to relieve rheumatism. These and many others are among the virtues ascribed to the hop by country folk. Botanists tell us the hop is indigenous to this country, and place it in the nettle tribe. It is found in its wild state in hedgerows and woodlands, the male and female flowers being on separate stocks. The cultivated varieties are many, Goldings, Mathons, Cooper Whites, Bramblings, and Mayfield grapes being among the best sorts.

## COUNTRY HOMES: Rokeby.



Photo. by E. Yeoman.

THE MORTHAM TOWER.

Copyright

THERE came a time, in the poetical genesis of Sir Walter Scott, when the rising fame of Byron was, as he said, likely to take the wind out of his sails. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" he had thrown his force on style, in "Marmion" upon description, and in "The Lady of the Lake" upon incident. Now the interest was to be in "character," and the background chosen was Rokeby. The selection was influenced by the fact that there lived Scott's old friend, Mr. John B. S. Morritt, and that "the place itself united the romantic beauties of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island." We can, indeed, scarcely imagine a more beautiful domain than Rokeby, and it is certainly no small distinction for a place to have attracted the genius of Scott, and employed the pencil of Turner. Scott, who was several times there, was fascinated by the exploration of that deep romantic gorge in which the brown and brawling Greta pours through Rokeby Park to wed its waters with the Tees.

The lonely village of Bowes, with its gloomy castle-keep, and Dickens's "Do-the-boys Hall," still in the village, is by its headwaters. It flows thence, ever growing deeper and deeper, by "Denzil's cave," and the twilight glen of Brignall—"Brignall banks are fresh and fair"—beneath Greta Bridge, where it is overshadowed by mighty beeches, and so, through scenes of surpassing loveliness, issues beneath the ivy-grown span of the "Dairy Bridge" to the larger stream. The Tees itself is a fine brown salmon river, watering a country of romantic beauty, a country of glorious hills, rich woods, and sparkling streams, and, as the river approaches Rokeby, it carves its way through what Scott aptly terms "that mighty trench of living stone," being spanned at the place by the graceful arch of the Abbey Bridge, which is lost above you in the waving foliage, as you linger to watch the river

"Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way  
O'er solid sheets of marble grey."

It was the confluence of the two streams—making a scene of perfect loveliness—that enraptured Turner, and, as you approach it from the Abbey Bridge, which is some two miles below Barnard Castle, it is pleasant to remember that these lovely walks were suggested to Mr. Morritt by Scott. They bring you from the ruined walls of Egglestone Abbey, by the river, now roaring in an angry cataract, then lingering in a silent pool, towards Rokeby itself, which stands in the angle formed by the rivers, and on an elevated site neighbouring the Greta glen.

Rokeby belonged originally to a family to which it gave name, of whom Sir Ralph, sheriff of Yorkshire in the time of Henry IV., was largely instrumental in the defeat of Northumberland. Another of the Rokebys was Archbishop of Dublin, very early in the reign of Henry VIII., but the family suffered heavily for its adherence to the Stuarts, having embraced the cause of Charles I., and lived, perhaps, unthrifely. Before that time, however, the Rokebys had built, upon the site of a house burnt by the Scots after Bannockburn, the tower of Mortham, at the distance of a stone's throw from Rokeby itself, on the other side of the Greta—a picturesque place like a border peel, that attracted the attention of Scott. When the Rokebys were gone, the Robinsons came, and "long" Sir Thomas Robinson, a very eccentric gentleman of the last century, did a great deal towards the creation of the domain of Rokeby as it now exists. Among other things, he removed the church to a distance upon the hill. Sir Thomas sold the place to Mr. Bacon Sawrey Morritt, a gentleman of Cawood, descended from a Huguenot family, who himself had been a famous Jacobite after the '45. He exerted himself, by agreement with some unfortunate gentlemen who had embraced the cause of James, to buy their forfeited estates for them, and was accustomed every night to make each member of his household kneel upon a particular stone, and pledge "the King over the water." A rapier, which the Prince gave him, is still preserved at Rokeby, where his portrait hangs in the drawing-room. His son was Sir Walter Scott's friend, and himself a remarkable man, locally known as "the Squire," a scholar and traveller, who made great collections abroad, encouraged art at home, and was at one time president of the



Photo. by E. Yeoman.

#### THE DAIRY BRIDGE.

Copyright.

Dilettante Society. It was from Mr. Morritt that the "wizard" learned the lore of Rokeby, in his family that he found the originals of characters in some of his novels, and with him that he explored the Greta and the Tees, and the ruins of Egglestone and Mortham, whose headless lady still haunts the stream, and all the glorious country that enframes the scene of his poem. Isabel, Viscountess Barrington, daughter of Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, still survives to remember Scott, as one of

"That race of old who danced her infancy upon their knee."

The beautiful woods, especially the grand beech trees and ancient yews, the green lawns, gay parterres, and charming old walled garden, with the deep and rocky glen, where Scott found his "cave," and the broad river Tees, are the delightful surroundings of the house of Rokeby. Its large, low, hospitable entrance hall, stored with rare treasures, is the approach to many tasteful chambers. Round the staircase hang noble pictures. The dining-room is a charming apartment, with notable family portraits on its walls. The great and lofty drawing-room is truly magnificent. Above its door we read the Rabelaisian motto, "Fay ce que vouldras," placed there with hospitable intent, and not as the "monks" interpreted it, a Medmenham. The portraits are most remarkable, and include a Charles I., by Vandyck. But the gems of the collection are the famous

recumbent "Venus" of Velasquez—one of his rare pictures of the nude—an exquisite "Hope nursing Love," by Reynolds, and a most beautiful "Mrs. Siddons as Rosalind," by Wright of Derby. Here, too, are fine statues, rich examples of Boulle and lacquer work, and many other charming objects. The state bedroom, where Scott, Lytton, and other famous friends of Mr. Morritt's have slept, has wonderful tapestries, and, perhaps, never was the needle so deftly used as by Miss Anne Morritt in the works in the adjoining chamber. The library contains the great collection of Sir Walter's friend, "the Squire," who was a distinguished scholar. The late Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, whose son and heir has not yet reached his majority, was the nephew of the gentleman last named, and was himself well known in the hunting-field, and very popular in his county. Such is the house of Rokeby, a place quite *sui generis*. There is nothing like it of its kind.

JOHN LEYLAND.



Photo. by E. Yeoman.

#### SCOTT'S CAVE.

Copyright.





COUNTRY HOMES: ROKEBY HALL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Photo. by Valentine and Sons, Ltd.

Dumfries.

## THE KENNEL: Some Ladies' Dogs.

THERE are few Dachshunds of my acquaintance that interest me more than Mrs. Scarlett's black and tan KUMMEL, a dog of very attractive originality, and enjoying the prestige of coming from the late Sir Percy Shelley's kennel. Its sire, Karl, was the baronet's favourite house-dog, and this same Karl is, I believe, still alive, and though well-nigh sixteen years old, cannot be kept from rabbit-hunting. They say that the old veteran keeps in hard condition and has the eye and muscle of a young dog, the only evidence of advancing age being the white on the paws and muzzle and the grizzled flecks upon the back.

No one ever treated his dogs with a deeper or broader sympathy than the late talented owner of Boscombe, for he believed in dogs possessing almost human intelligence, and it was a local saying that the "Shelley" dogs could do everything but speak.

Mrs. Scarlett's dog has been always in the house, and from the age of six weeks Kummel has lived in the nursery, and, what with the devotion of the children and the regard of his mistress, is too accustomed to the comforts of a beautiful home to endure the boredom of a show, and so his mistress never exhibits him. One of his many clever tricks is that of keeping his young



Photo. by T. Fall,

KUMMEL.

Baker Street.

master well informed as to school hours, for at the precise moment when the boy should go to his lessons Kummel takes hold of his pinafore and pulls the child to the door, telling him as plainly as he can that "time's up." He plays at "hide and



Photo. by T. Fall,

PERE BOOJUM.

Baker Street.

seek" as well as any child, and, needless to say, he keeps the little nursery folk in high good-humour. Another game at which he excels is "hunt the slipper," which he plays so well that none of the children have the remotest chance of getting the slipper before him. Kummel is the only living descendant of Karl's numerous progeny, and was born on Easter Sunday, 1891. He has no white, a good loose skin, hard coat of lustrous sheen, very long low body, short legs, and a particularly handsome hound head with heavy dewlap, a stern beautifully carried, black claws, and pencilled toes; his ears, however, are not so long as they should be, and he is 20lb. in weight. I hear that Mrs. Scarlett is now breeding some good puppies from Kummel, in order that his strain should not die out, and I must say it would be a thousand pities if none of this exceptionally clever dog's offspring were left to represent him in the time to come.

Toy Bulldogs are becoming so very popular, and, from my own personal knowledge, are such jolly little dogs, that it affords me much pleasure to give the portrait of one of the noteworthy ones of the day, Lady Kathleen Pilkington's PERE BOOJUM. He is a very representative specimen—a brindle with the proverbial white shirt front that has for so many years been associated with the Bulldog; indeed, there are few brindles without that white ensign, and, in common with most if not all of the Toy Bulls, his weakest point is his ears. The eyes are well placed, and have the soft expression of the variety; he stands wide in front and fairly well behind, being well ribbed up, and having a crook tail. His face is short, and, take him all round, he is a very average "Bull," and when a year old ought to be much improved. Toy Bulls are excellent drawing-room pets, for they have the virtue of never barking at one's visitors. Pere Boojum was first shown by Lady Kathleen at the Pet Dog Show, where he was a prize winner, and at the Botanic he obtained premiership, an honour coveted by every exhibitor at the Ladies' Show, for it is the highest distinction that can be won where the competition is limited to exhibits owned by women.

Miss K. A. Dippie is one of the Scottish members of the Ladies' Kennel Association, and was one of the very fortunate exhibitors at the Ladies' Summer Show in July last, for every dog she sent took back to Glasgow one or more prizes. The portrait here given is that of her young Deerhound ADA ALEXANDER, which won third open and third novice in very strong competition, and she also captured several specials. The dog is depicted in the picture with Mr. Dippie, who is one of the best-known "doggy men" up North, being not only the proprietor of



Photo. by T. Fall,

ADA ALEXANDER.

Baker Street.



the *Scottish Fanciers*, but a judge and an exhibitor of every variety of dog bred in Scotland. At the Ladies' Kennel Association Show Mr. Dippie was good enough to give his valuable assistance as honorary steward.

Miss G. J. C. Farquharson made her first attempt at showing this year at the Summer Show, and her Dachshund *POLTERGEIST* was most successful and much admired. He won first novice and second in limit classes, an achievement worthy of mention, for the competition was unusually strong. *Poltergeist* is quite a "travelled favourite," for he accompanies his mistress wherever she goes, whether it is to the Scottish hills or to the Continental springs, and now that he has shown himself capable of winning prizes, his mistress hopes to give him many opportunities of repeating his first successes.

The Bulldog *ORLESTON TODDLEKINS* was purchased a few weeks before the show by Mrs. W. C. Codman, who took advantage of the ladies' canine gathering to exhibit her purchase before having it transhipped to New York. A daughter of *Save Monarch*, *Orleston Toddlekings* is, of course, a good one, and her record of first and special Coventry, and third Bulldog Club Show, was added to at the Ladies' Show by a first in novice and second in limit. She was bred by Mr. W. Kelsey.

Everybody is talking of the forthcoming Commemoration Dog Show, which will be held in the Earl's Court Exhibition on the 15th, 16th, and 17th December next. It is in aid of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, and among those who have already consented to become its Vice-Presidents are the Duke of



Photo. by T. Fall, *ORLESTON TODDLEKINS.* Baker Street.

Fife and the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Aylesford, the Earl of Clarendon, and the Earl of Ilchester. The President of the Scottish Kennel Club, Mr. Panmure Gordon, gives two gold medals, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford one of the value of ten guineas, for competition. This grand open show promises to be as successful as its promoters wish, for nearly every name of note in doggy circles will be found supporting the good cause. Among the earliest to assist the movement I may mention the following:—The Rev. Hans Hamilton, Mr. A. H. Megson, Mr. John Powers, and Mr. Higson, in Collies; St. Bernards, Mr. G. W. Marsden and Mr. Norris-Elye; Sporting Dogs, Mr. Norrish, Mr. Liddell Grainger, and Mr. Moses Woolland; Danes and Deerhounds, Mr. R. Leadbetter, and Mr. Hood Wright; Airedales, Mr. H. M. Bryans; Sheepdogs, Dr. Edwardes Ker; Bulldogs, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss; Black and Tans, Lieutenant-Colonel Dean; Mr. S. Glynn Welsh, Mr. Harold Wood, and Mr. Ludlow, Scottish Terriers; Mr. Leatham, Dandie Dinmonts; and Mr. S. J. Thompson, various breeds.

Both Mr. Rawdon Lee, of the *Field*, and Mr. Thomson Gray have become Vice-Presidents, as also Sir Edward Reid. The Bulldog Club are offering all their cups and trophies, except the 50-guinea Challenge Cups. The Airedale, the Welsh, the Great Dane, and the Deerhound Clubs are also supporting the show. The Ladies' Kennel Association are offering premier-ships in every breed and all their challenge trophies, in themselves a competition of over £600.

A. S. R.



Photo. by T. Fall, *POLTERGEIST.* Baker Street.

## THE HARROW DOG SHOW.

ENCOURAGED by the success of a members' show twelve months ago, the committee of the Harrow and Wealdstone Fanciers' Society lately held a mixed exhibition at Wealdstone. Poultry and pigeons found a place in the schedule, and were, by many of the residents, considered the attraction, there being a very strong element of feather fanciers in the district. Of late years there has been a big demand for small plots of ground in the locality, and, in whatever direction the visitor goes round Harrow or Wealdstone, parishes separated by the main line of the London and North-Western Railway Company, there is evidence of the big growth of the industry of poultry-farming. Hence the very great local interest taken in the indoor section of the show, the poultry and pigeons being penned in the Wealdstone Public Hall.

On an adjoining piece of ground a very large tent was erected, and here the dogs, far and away the most attractive feature so far as outside interest was concerned, were accommodated. As the show was held under Kennel Club rules, an excellent entry was obtained, although in several sections, notably Collies, it was very unrepresentative. This was difficult to account for, as the judge was Mr. W. H. Day, well known in metropolitan theatrical circles, and, in the circumstances, it was somewhat to be regretted that the best dog benched was one he had lately sold to a Jersey fancier, Mr. W. R. Laing. This good fancier was present to lead his dog into the ring, and very gratified indeed was he at his very handsome dog's success. Had Wellesbourne Conqueror, the property of Mr. Reg. Higson, and certainly the best Collie in the South, been present, the result would assuredly have been very different. Mr. W. W. Thomson, of Mitcham, a member of the Kennel Club committee, and a sportsman to the backbone, was represented

in the same section by a very ordinary specimen. Can it be that this gentleman has something in reserve for the Crystal Palace Show this month? What a proud man he would be could he but breed an Ormskirk Emerald or another Joe Mills, with which he won a puppy trial at the Alexandra Palace as far back as 1882.



Copyright

*PETRAMOSSE.*

"COUNTRY LIFE"

In Bulldogs, however, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss, who judged, had a very fair entry, for here not only Mr. W. H. Ford, of Berkhamsted, but also Mr. R. D. Thomas, of Bicester, two very prominent members of the Bulldog Club, were well represented. The former gentleman, who finds his Bulldogs a pleasant as well as profitable hobby, had the honour of winning the president's (Mr. T. Benskin) silver cup offered for the best dog or bitch in the show with PETRAMOSSE, a very fine light brindle owned by Mrs. Ford, whose interest in the welfare of the inmates of the Pressmoor kennel is quite as genuine as is that of her husband. This famous bitch holds a very fine show record, for, in addition to prizes at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show, she has proved successful at the Bulldog Show, Derby, Leicester, and other high-class fixtures. At Harrow she was shown in lovely bloom, her vast superiority over other specimens of the national breed being very apparent. She is very short in back, and is well roached, whilst in break-up of foreface, front and general appearance, she is quite in the front rank. Mrs. Ford, and, in fact, all the Pressmoor family, may well be proud of their very distinguished daughter of Don Salano, whose ancestry includes such pillars of the breed as Champion British Monarch and Don Pedro. She was certainly the best canine in the show, but a little dissatisfaction was caused on the judge's awarding her the "best in the show" cup, for when brought into the ring for final scrutiny she was noticed to be lame. Her previous soundness, however, gained her the victory.

A very notable exhibit in the Fox-terrier section was COMPTON DOLLAR, a dog imported from the Continent by Mr. H. Burridge, of Shooter's Hill, some months ago. In the opinion of many good judges this son of Dominie is one of the very best terriers of the day. He is just the right size, has a grand coat, long, lean head, plenty of bone, small and well-placed ears, and one of the best of fronts. In Germany, whilst the property of Madame Hoovergen, he won prizes at all the leading shows, including the championship at Brussels; his other Continental wins in the keenest company being at Antwerp, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Spa. Since coming into the possession of Mr. Burridge, a very ardent fancier, he has improved in a marked



Copyright

COMPTON DOLLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

degree, and can hold his own in the very highest company. Like every other dog, he has his detractors, but all round he is hard to find fault with, and his importation to England, at a big price, was a distinct advantage to the breed, for more terriers of his workman-like appearance are needed. In addition to other prizes in his section, he was the winner of the Fox-terrier Club special offered for the best of the variety benched.

EARL MAYO, the St. Bernard owned by Mr. J. Harris, of Leytonstone, never had an easier journey than at Harrow, for, in addition to this very well-known winner, but two others of the variety were benched. He is a son of Champion Young Bute, and in any but the very highest company is invariably in the prize list. Of great size, approaching 200lb., he is a warm favourite in the South, and since Chelmsford Show in June he has scored at almost every exhibition of importance in this part of the country. He is particularly good in body and colour, being a rich orange, with perfectly white muzzle, blaze, collar, legs, chest, and tip of tail, with the much-desired dense black shading. His owner is one of the best-known men in metropolitan fancier circles, and there are few shows held within fifty or sixty miles of town but that Mr. Harris is seen officiating as honorary ring steward.

Generally speaking, the show was somewhat of a disappointment, the arrangements being crude; whilst the unnotified amalgamation of several of the most important classes caused great dissatisfaction. So much so, that the Fox-terrier section had every appearance of collapsing, the exhibitors withdrawing their entries in the two most important classes as a protest against amalgamation. The dead-lock was, however, eventually got over by the committee rescinding the resolution as to amalgamation, and the catalogue, as originally drawn up, was therefore adhered to. This was a most sportsman-like action, and the experience gained this year will certainly be of good service should the same committee again organise a dog show.

BIRKDALE.



Copyright

EARL MAYO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS colourless men and women are sometimes described as good-natured or well-meaning, so it may be said that "The Adventures of St. Kevin, and other Irish Tales," by R. D. Rogers (Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.), is quite a harmless volume; but I must confess that I found it a trifle tedious. That kind of wit which speaks of Section VI., Cap. 26, Brian Boru I., and of "solicitors," mere creatures of yesterday, arguing before the Saint, does not appeal to me. Again, at page 3, I find John Jones Jenkins (an impossible name, since there were not any surnames in Wales at the time of the Saint) brought up before the saintly Cadi, and a page of laborious jesting about a Welsh place-name. I have heard that kind of joke before. One might forgive this kind of defect if the stories were worth telling, but for the life of me I cannot find in them either interest or humour, or even rollicking fun. Some of them are in bad taste, too. Without having any very clear idea of the Roman Catholic of Purgatory, it seems to me

clear that the story of St. Kevin's visit to Purgatory must be very offensive to all believers in that place or state of things. In fact, this is so dull and stupid a book that it occurred to me, after reading a few stories, that it must have its excuse as a reproduction of folklore traditions; but "St. Kevin published an account of his travels in the *Ballykilween Times*." There is no folklore here, and I am disposed to think that the world would have been no loser if Mr. or Miss or Mrs. R. D. Rogers had contented himself with the reading constituency which satisfied the Saint. At the same time, this is precisely the kind of book which some catch-penny critic, anxious to show his fine faculty for appreciation by admiring that which no other man can stomach, will pronounce a masterpiece on the ground of its directness and simplicity. Well, for that matter, it is very simple, even painfully so.

"What Maisie Knew" is the title of Mr. Henry James's last production.



As a matter of fact, after reading the story, I am disposed to say that, while nobody could have had the slightest idea how much or how little this peculiar little maiden knew, everybody will be agreed that the less she knew the better for her peace and purity of mind. For the situation of the child Maisie was distinctly odd, and altogether the book is one of the most complicated tangles of divorce, marriage, and intrigue that ever was conceived. It is worth stating as lucidly as may be. Maisie's father and mother were divorced, and it was arranged that each should have the custody of the child for six months in each year. The father engaged a young and pretty governess, whom he married. Having married her, he made love to a Countess (American) and other ladies. The mother engaged an old and ugly governess, and married Sir Claude, who was fond of Maisie. Having married Sir Claude, the mother grew weary of him, and carried on intrigues with a variety of persons, including Mr. Perriam, the Count, and the Captain. Then Sir Claude pays his court to the ex-governess, who is the slighted wife of Maisie's original father. Then the original father and original mother set Sir Claude and his last fancy at liberty by levitating in various directions; and the final scene occurs at Boulogne, where Maisie, urged by the ugly but virtuous governess, to whom no man pays court, decides that she cannot live in the household of her stepmother and stepfather. The childlike simplicity with which Maisie approaches the various problems which are presented to her is well presented, and a casual description of the Haute Ville at Boulogne is good; but the book as a whole is not worthy of the author of "The Spoils of Poynton," to say nothing of other works by Mr. James.

Mr. Guy Boothby is a prolific writer. It seems to me that but a few weeks have passed since "The Fascination of the King" exercised its influence on me, and "Dr. Nikola" himself is but a creature of yesterday; and now here is Mr. Boothby to the fore again with "Sheilah McLeod," published by Messrs. Skeffington. The book, which probably does not pretend to high artistic quality, is quite readable and full of vigour; but it is rather in the nature of a story of adventure for boys than of a finished novel. We find Jim Heggartstone, a powerful man, on an island of the Samoan group, where, merely by way of illustrating his character, he fights a small but plucky missionary, and punishes "the biggest bully and blackguard on the Pacific" for ill-treating a native woman. In justification of his treatment of the aforesaid bully and blackguard, and of his theory that "a woman is just the noblest and sweetest work of God's right hand"—which is true sometimes, but not always—he proceeds to relate the story of his adventures in Australia, and of the noble conduct of Sheila McLeod towards him. That story is full of strangeness and of incident. It includes a peer in disguise and prone to be disguised in liquor, some hand-to-hand encounters with fists, a bush fire and a rescue, a flood, a bold piece of fraud on the turf, the murder of a detective, card-playing, love, a trial for murder, a wonderful escape—and it ends happily. In fact, it is a blood-curdling story; but the adventurous lads who may be tempted to follow the example of Jim Heggartstone are advised to remember that it would have ended much earlier in real life. True it is that Heggartstone was not the man who murdered the detective; but he saw "Whispering Pete" do the deed, and blood was found on his coat-cuff, he rode an incredible distance to Blackfellow's Well and buried the corpse, and all this was brought home to him. In England, he would certainly have been hanged as an accessory after the fact, and, to be frank, I do not believe that the law relating to this kind of exploit is more lenient in the Back Blocks than in the Mother Country.

As Mr. W. E. Norris is in the habit of writing in a leisurely and equable fashion, so it is right and pleasant to attune oneself to his mood in reading his books; and of his method "Marietta's Marriage" (Heinemann) is a typical example. It is not the kind of book that will invite even the most voracious of novel readers to steal for feverish enjoyment of literature the hours that were meant for sleep; it does not thrill or enthrall; it can be laid aside half-finished for a week. But it has its peculiar merits, notwithstanding. When the hand lights on it again the process of reading can be renewed with pleasure, and the mind is not strained in any effort to remember who and what are the persons who play their parts in the social drama which Mr. Norris has imagined. One knows them all quite well, and it is a pleasure to meet them again and to follow the quiet story of their lives. One knows them, because in the delineation of personality and character this novelist has few equals, since he thinks much before he writes at all; and the story is quiet because, even when it includes, as "Marietta's Marriage" does, a murder and a suicide, these incidents are treated with an aristocratic reserve which makes them seem to be mere matters of course. Out of the plot of this volume, as material, many men would have been capable of producing a more stirring and vigorous story, but there is no living writer of English who could give us so true a representation of Society, or one more valuable for the purposes of our old friend the future historian. Nor is there any living writer who could have limned with more humanity and truth the men and women who make the story. Marietta, the beautiful, passionate, ambitious daughter of the English gentleman who has served in the Austrian army; Lionel Mallett, later Lord Middlewood, gentlemanlike, a sportsman, a sober politician, and a trifle dull; Lord Middlewood *per se*, retired diplomatist and sportsman; Lady Maria Halstead, playing at religion, and liking a gentle speculation in an old age following upon fashionable youth; Lady Betty, the shrewd and honest tomboy, who is for ever in trouble because she disregards conventionalities; St. Quintin, the virtuous and outspoken prig—all these are striking characters, absolutely true to life. But the centre of the book is Strahan, the speculator from Australia (with an ugly past at Oxford), who has an axe, and a very big one, to grind, in the shape of a company for the development of a colony. There is a savour, perhaps, of "the God in the Car" about Strahan, but he is drawn in strong lines and he is interesting.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has set the example of using the Riel rebellion for the purposes of fiction. *Proximus hinc, longo sed proximus intervallo* comes Mr. Ernest G. Henham with "Menotah" (Skeffingtons). "Menotah" strikes me as a wearisome medley of Hiawatha, Fenimore Cooper, and the novel of gush. A sample will serve to show the stuff of which "Menotah" is made. "The place of the laughing waters. Here the sun quivered for colour music, while wind and water met and kissed with the whispering caress of an ever-endless song. First came the wind with deep, long sigh through the bushes, then the sunlight. After this overture one might listen to the melody of the waters. 'Ne-pink, ink-ink-ah. Min-ne-sot-ah-hah. Ha-hah-ne-ah-ah. Ne-ha-hah-ah. Pink-ink-ink. Ne-pink'; and there are five more lines of this. They may please some fancies; but I hardly think they will be generally admired. There is a good deal of fighting and love in the book.

Some little time ago my eye lighted on a newspaper paragraph to the effect that certain travellers in Africa had returned to Cape Coast Castle with a tale, a good deal of a travellers' tale, to the effect that in the far interior they had happened upon a tribe of white savages, gigantic in stature, fair-haired, and all

the rest of it. For a time I used to think to myself what fun it would be to borrow this paragraph as the *motif* of a book, and to work out in fanciful detail the account of an exploring expedition. A great master, no less a man than Dean Swift, had shown the way in "Gulliver's Travels," which are no less entrancing to the young as an ingenious narrative of impossible adventure than alluring for the "grown up" as a masterpiece of biting satire. But I rejoice that I refrained, for Mr. Morley Roberts, in his "Adventures of the Broad Arrow" (Hutchinson), has performed the task in a manner which I could not have hoped to rival. His men of the Brodarro are the descendants of escaped convicts in Australia, upon whom two gold prospectors have the good, or evil, fortune to light. There is a great deal that is brilliant and entertaining about the book, there is much also that is vivid and forcible, and, best of all, it is full of the spirit of ebullient fun. One is surprised into hearty laughter over and over again in following Smith and the Baker among the Brodarros; and this is laughter in which one clearly joins the author. The book which causes that kind of innocent enjoyment is rare; it is also to be treasured. There are horrors in it also, the horrors of the Australian desert, and they are well described; but give me the hearty and irrepressible laughter of which Mr. Meredith has written:—

"Laughter! O thou reviver of sick earth!  
Good for the spirit, good  
For body thou! to both art wine and bread."

Books to order from the library:—

"Maime o' the Corner." M. E. Francis. (Harper.)  
"Niobe." Jonas Lie. (Heinemann.)  
"In Kedar's Tents." Henry Seton Merriman. (Smith Elder.)  
"The Skipper's Wooing." W. W. Jacobs. (Pearson.)

## Down a Denehole.



Copyright

A BOTTOMLESS PIT. "COUNTRY LIFE."

FOUR days without food at the bottom of a denehole 40ft. deep was recently the ending of a day's nutting in a Kentish wood. The unfortunate man who fell in was evidently unaware that in some parts of England these deneholes are not uncommon and very dangerous traps. Their origin has been much disputed. In parts of Kent, on the Cleveland moors, and, we believe, in the British camp above Weston-super-Mare, they are said to have been wells or granaries cut in prehistoric times. In other districts they are natural openings, which sometimes close up, and at other times open, without warning. Near Tetbury, which is in a stone wall country, they are connected with subterranean springs, which burst out in full flood in winter, but are dry in summer. There they are known as swallow-holes. Some appear like a dry pond, full of grass, in the corner of some field. Others are open "chimneys" in the stone. A fox went down one of these, and some hounds after him. The fox got into an earth at the side, while the hounds fell to the bottom. We forget whether they were rescued, but the hole was subsequently explored by a labourer, who, having descended the length of a cart-rope—50ft.—found there was plenty more hole and no more rope, and

so ascended. Near another swallow-hole a woman lost some ducks. Next day she heard them quacking underground, and after much endeavour got them to the mouth of the swallow-hole, which in this case ran horizontally. The river Nid in Yorkshire goes bodily down a swallow-hole, called Goydon Pot, and emerges two miles below, on the other side of a limestone hill.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### CYCLE-VANS ON RAILWAYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the cycling notes in a recent issue you made some remarks, with which all cyclists will agree, on the failure of railway companies to supply proper accommodation for machines. Possibly the companies look on bicycles as their natural enemies; more probably it is due to slowness and dislike of change. There should be proper bicycle-vans, just as there are proper horse-boxes. These could be made in two stories, and divided by light steel wire or steel sheeting, with compartments, eighteen inches wide, in which the bikes could be stowed with perfect safety and the utmost economy of space.—I am, Sir, yours, CYCLIST.

### NAVICULAR DISEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a hunter, eight years old, an excellent performer, which shows all the symptoms of navicular disease. My veterinary surgeon also attributes his lameness to this cause, and wishes to unnerve my horse. I should be much obliged if you would be so kind as to let me know through the medium of your columns your opinion on this operation.—I am, Sir, yours, A. C. D.

[Unnerving does not cure the disease, but by depriving the foot of feeling it enables a horse to go soundly. If you use your horse on soft ground only he may go on for some years without getting any worse. Unnerving should only be resorted to when everything else has failed. It is often a good plan to shoe the horse with tips in front, which prevent the heels from contracting, for in nearly all cases of navicular the heels contract owing to the horse bearing all his weight on his toes, and not, as is often supposed, owing to the disease itself.—ED.]

### SEA TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your recently-published and capitally-illustrated article on "Splash-net Fishing," the writer notes the capricious habits of sea trout when off the coast. May I corroborate this from a rather curious experience of long-shore netting off the north Norfolk Coast. We had been most unlucky until about 1 a.m., when, with a bright moon up, we took three fine sea trout, averaging 3½ lb. weight each. As we caught no more, we sailed four miles eastward, to the mouth of a small creek, and there, at a single haul, took thirty-six sea trout. But these fish were quite unlike the others, being quite small, and averaging only three to the pound. Probably, these were the form known as "finnock" in Scotland, to which the writer refers. I should be glad to know if there is any real difference of species. We ought to have plenty of sea trout up the Thames, and, I believe, before long we shall have them. The papers recorded the taking of quantities of smelts up at Teddington Weir this August; and where smelts will go—I believe they have not been seen at Teddington for very many years—the sea trout may well follow.—I am, Sir, yours, A NORFOLK FISHERMAN.

### TROUT AND FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see a letter from one of your readers speaking about his lake trout not rising to fly. In your comments on it you say that probably there are not many trout in the lake. Likely enough that is the probable explanation—the question is how their numbers have diminished. You, Sir, point to a very probable cause, in the washing away of ova; but I may suggest another, that is often, I think, unsuspected. I found it out when fishing in a lake with minnow, and discovered the readiness with which perch will seize the minnow. Now we may assume, though he does not say so, that there are no pike in your correspondent's pond—otherwise the absence of trout would probably not perplex him at all—but perch in large numbers often exist in a pond or lake without anyone troubling about them or thinking them likely to do mischief. Yet their alacrity to seize minnow is proof positive that troutlets would not come amiss to them; and I should recommend your correspondent to wage war against the perch, in the event of his finding his lake occupied by them, by every engine in his power. The best engine is the small boy, with the hook and worm. He will bless you as his benefactor for the leave to fish, and you will take care to let him have no idea but that you are conferring on him, by giving this permission, an enormous favour.—I am, etc., PISCATOR.

### SEALS AND OTTERS IN SOUTH WALES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest you to learn that a fine seal was caught recently in a seine-net at Abergwaun, and despatched by the harbour master. Surely this occurrence of the seal is rare, and it is outrageous that one of the few survivors of our once abundant fauna should be murdered. Otters are abundant in the Pembrokeshire rivers, and afford excellent sport to the otter-hounds. I notice also that Mr. John Worthington, of Glyn-y-mel, keeps them in confinement without difficulty, whereas, unless I am in error, the authorities of the Zoological Gardens have been singularly unsuccessful in this respect. In what do they err?—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, ENQUIRER.

[Our correspondent errs in supposing the British seal rare on the West Coasts. On the contrary, it is plentiful and very troublesome to the fishermen, not merely by reason of the fish which it consumes, but also from its boldness in haunting the vicinity of the seine-net, for, of course, it terrifies the fish. Seals, being remarkably clever in going over and under the nets, are rarely caught, and when shot on the water, are seldom recovered, for they have a provoking habit of sinking when killed. Moreover, as they appear on the undulating waves, they are hard to hit, and they have a habit of diving to the flash. The last time we saw otters at the Zoological Gardens they were foolishly housed, having an artificial holt in the middle of a small pond. It is hardly possible that a holt so situated that the otters must pass through water before entering it, could afford dry lodging. Otters are easily kept in confinement if provided with a common barrel or dog kennel, with a small entrance, to lie in, and an abundant supply of fresh water. They thrive on fish, bread and milk, occasional scraps of meat, and plenty of green food. If a large glass tank be provided in their den they may be observed to great advantage and with much pleasure. No creature moves more gracefully in water than the otter, which is sinuous, and supple, and swift beyond belief, and in the glass tank the "bead," or chain of bubbles, which so often betrays the otter's track, may be closely studied.—ED.]

### THAMES MEASUREMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the past summer I have often seen in your yachting articles the term "Thames measurement" used after the tonnage of a yacht is given. I should be much obliged if you could give me a short explanation of the phrase.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, TONNAGE.

[Thames measurement is the same as builders' measurement, and is found by the following formula:—
$$\frac{(L-B) \times (B + \frac{1}{4}B)}{94}$$
 L is length from the fore part of stem under the bowsprit to the aft side of the head of the stern post. B is main breadth to outside of plank.—ED.]

### GAME ON SMALL FARMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For some years I have been in the habit of renting part-ridge shooting, not from the owners, but directly from the occupiers, in different parts of the Home Counties. I note that the rent asked is usually much more in proportion to area when the "take" is from one large occupier than from several small ones. For example, for 700 acres in one holding I pay a shilling an acre, while for an additional 700 acres farmed by half-a-dozen small men, I pay, perhaps, on an average, sixpence an acre. There is a practical reason, though the cause is not obvious, for on the larger holdings the proportion of game to area is more than double that on the small ones, though the soil is just as good for game on the latter.—I am, yours, ENQUIRER.

[Large farmers can insist on their labourers protecting the nests. The small farmer usually employs a lower class of labourers, and his eggs are stolen or destroyed. In Mecklenburg, in villages entirely owned by small cultivators, these agree to protect all nests, and let the village shooting, the total amount being employed to reduce the rates. Thus game preserving is everyone's business, for the more birds the lower the rates.—ED.]

### GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a member of that large section of the British public that takes a keen interest in cricket, may I be allowed to make a suggestion that would, I think, add much to the interest of the Gentlemen and Players' matches—especially to that match which is annually played on the dear old Surrey ground at the Oval. Of late years there has been some diminished interest in that match on account of many who ought to take part in it on either side being engaged elsewhere in county matches. It appears to me that if the dates of the Gentlemen v. Players' matches were arranged and advertised some little while before the arrangement of the county programme, the first-class counties could then arrange their matches so that they should not clash with these other and even more important fixtures. It is an honour to a county that its representatives should be chosen to play in the greater matches, and the counties recognise this so fully that they would, no doubt, agree in leaving the dates of the Gentlemen and Players' matches out of their programme of first-class fixtures. As it is, they can hardly be expected to hazard their championship chances, even for the sake of seeing their men figuring among either Gentlemen or Players.—I am, Sir, yours, ENTHUSIAST.



## THE KENTFORD STUD FARM.—I.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

VIEW OF THE KENTFORD PADDOCKS.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

CAPTAIN MACHELL is nothing if he is not practical, and very few things come into his possession without having to take their part in his general scheme of usefulness. A short drive from his Newmarket residence, Bedford Cottage, lands you at his stud farm at Kentford, a quiet little old-fashioned village, surrounded by undulating, well-sheltered paddocks and watered by the river Kennett. There was a time when Captain Machell used this property as a training-ground for his steeplechasers, and the course still remains over which Regal did his Liverpool preparation. It was subsequently let for the same purpose when "the Captain" gave up having "jumpers" himself, and when it once more came into his hands, a few years ago, he turned it to account by founding there the stud farm which is, no doubt, not only one of the most interesting of his many ventures, but a source of considerable profit as well. Whatever Captain Machell does, he invariably does well, and a stroll through the Kentford paddocks one bright summer's morning some few weeks ago showed plainly enough that he applies this principle to his stud farm every bit as fully as he does to everything else he undertakes.

The first part of the establishment which I was taken to see

was that in which the five sires are lodged. These are Ravensbury, Trayles, Son of a Gun, Encounter, and THE DEEMSTER; and although of very different types and breeding, they are five really good-looking horses. I had not seen The Deemster since he was in training, and I was much struck with the improvement he has made since then. He was always a big, powerful colt, and he has now let down and thickened into a very fine horse indeed. A good hard brown, with great power in his back and quarters, plenty of bone, and the old-fashioned head which everyone who knew him when he was in training will remember, and which he invariably transmits to his stock. He is a hard-bred horse, being by Arbitrator, by Solon (Melbourne) out of Rookery, by Hampton out of Hippodrome, by Oxford (Bird-catcher). He was a good race-horse, and won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot as a two year old, in 1890, and he is bound to be a success at the stud, especially with Hermit mares and those wanting a cross of Melbourne.

Most of my readers will remember ENCOUNTER and what a speedy horse he was when in training, but they would hardly be prepared to see such a nice sire as he has grown into now. A thick, short-legged, well-balanced type of horse, combining quality and



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

STALLION BOXES.

Copyright—"C.L."

power with big galloping quarters and plenty of reach in front, he is just the sort to get race-horses. And then, what a beautifully-bred horse he is. By Sterling, by Oxford out of Whisper, and inbred to Whalebone, out of Cherry Duchess, by The Duke out of Mirella, by Gemma di Vergi, the dam of many great winners and also going back to Whalebone. This is a regular Yardley pedigree, and if this good-looking young sire does not get something as good as himself before long I shall be very much surprised.

I have always been fond of the Beadsman blood, and it always seems to nick well with that of Musket. This cross was certainly successful in the case of SON OF A GUN, who is by Petronel out of Ithona, by Beadsman. He was a fair race-horse and stayed well, and he is now a very handsome sire, showing great quality, plenty of power, and beautifully blood-like symmetry.

The advocates of inbreed-



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE DEEMSTER.

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ENCOUNTER

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

SON OF A GUN.

Copyright—"C.L."

ing, will point to the stout, staying TRAYLES as a proof of the success of their principles. He is by Restless, by Breadalbane out of Fidget, from Miss Mabel, by Knight of the Garter out of May Queen, by Kettle-drum out of Fidget, so that on both sides of his pedigree he goes back to the last-named mare, and he comes of the famous No. 11 family which produced Birdcatcher, St. Simon, and many other great horses. He was a good race-horse and a genuine stayer, as he showed by winning both the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, and the Goodwood Cup, in 1889. He is a short-legged chestnut horse, with long powerful quarters, and just the sort to get useful staying horses like himself.

What a lot of luck there is in the year in which horses are born, and what a great horse RAVENSBURY would have been thought if he had not happened to have been foaled in the same year as Isinglass. It is true that Mr. McCalmont's champion was always in his way on the race-course, and he must have been a real stout-hearted warrior to have tackled that champion again and again as he did without ever learning to flinch, but he may take his revenge at the stud, and I am not at all sure that he may not make the better sire of the two, and this in the face of having seen some wonderful foals by Isinglass, one of Mr. Platt's especially. If I were asked to sum up Ravensbury in as few words as possible, they would be these: "The finest stallion in the world." He is, indeed, a beautiful horse, a good hard bay in colour, and a wonderful combination of length, reach, power, and racing-like quality. He is by Isonomy out of Penitent, by



Hermit out of Stray Shot, by Toxophilite, her dam Vaga, by Stockwell. Here is a hard, staying pedigree, full of the stoutest blood in the stud-book, as he proved over and over again, notably by winning the Alexandra Plate at Ascot in 1895. He is a grand horse, bred on the very best lines, and he was a great race-horse, so that it is as nearly certain as anything can be that he will make a great sire. Of course, Isinglass, his conqueror on so many occasions, with whom, by the way, Captain Machell was intimately connected, was unquestionably the better race-horse, a fact conclusively proved by the persistent way in which Ravensbury had to play "Yellow Jack" to Mr. McCalmont's great champion; but Ravensbury gives promise of such great things at the stud that, until his stock and those of Isinglass have been running for some seasons, I am not disposed to further qualify my observation that Ravensbury is "the finest stallion in the world." His foals this season are exceptionally promising, being, as far as can at present be judged,



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

TRAYLES.

Copyright—"C.L."

of that strong and hardy constitution which enabled their sire to stand so well the very arduous work on the race-course that fell to his lot during his racing career.

OUTPOST.

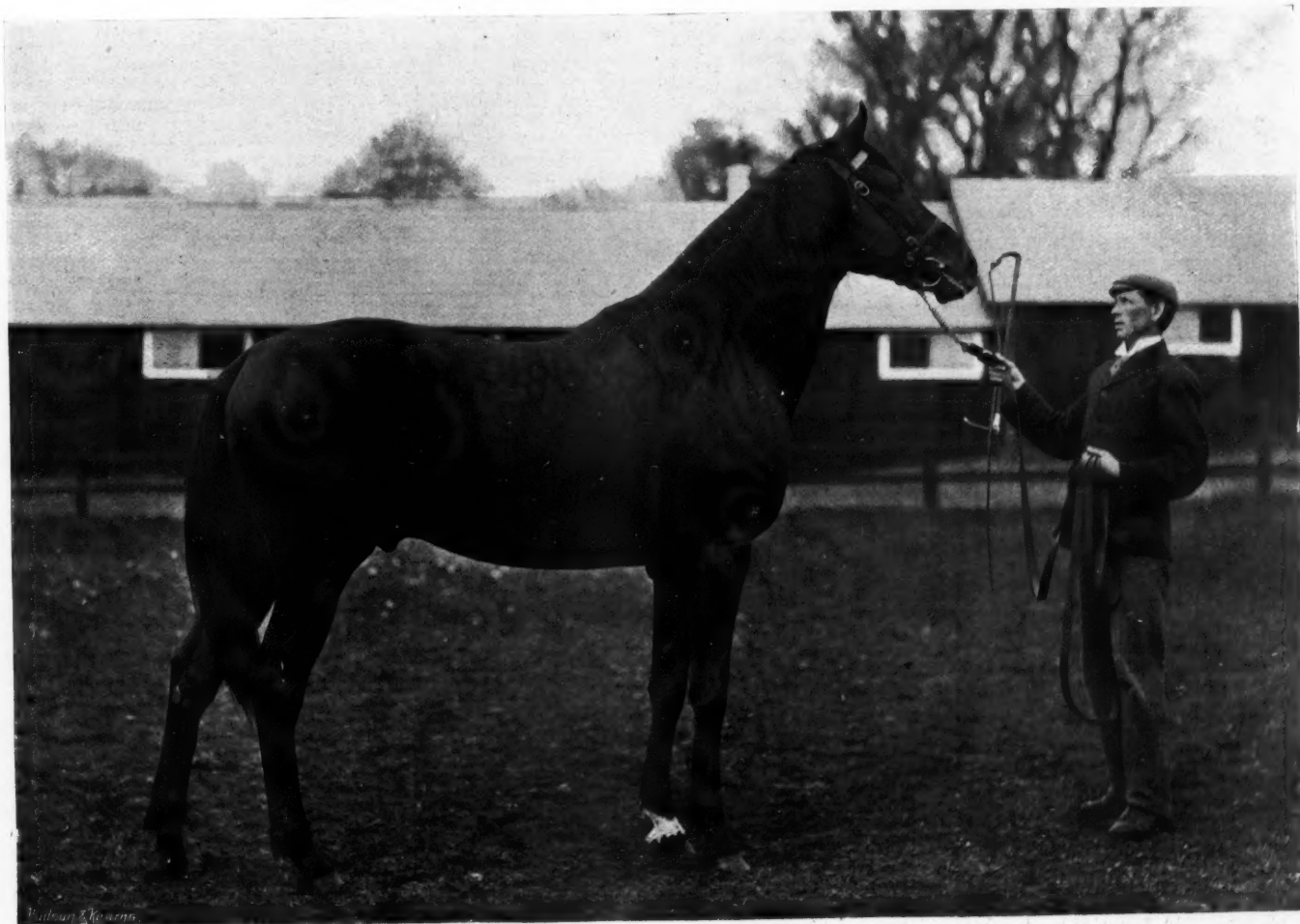


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

RAVENSBURY.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"

## RACING NOTES.

THE racing at Nottingham and Leicester last week was not of any great importance. There was a good race for the Nottingham Handicap, on Monday, between Chiselhampton, Son o' Mine, and Minstrel Boy. Lord Durham's old rogue will never win a race if he can possibly help it, and, although he was meeting Chiselhampton—whose courage is also under suspicion, probably, as he now runs in a hood—at an advantage of two years and 6lb., he allowed himself to be defeated by a length, with Minstrel Boy, giving him 5lb., only half a length behind. On the second day Bewitchment, a three year old filly, by Juggler out of Stolen Kisses, took the five-furlong Elvaston Castle Plate,

Alas and Suppliant running a dead heat for second place. The winner is curiously inbred to Stockwell, her sire having two crosses of the greatest of all stallions through his paternal grandsire, Lord Lyon, and his maternal grandam, Lady Love; whilst her dam brings in two more through her paternal grandam, Heather Bell, and her maternal grandsire, Silvio. It is curious to see a filly bred like this running in five-furlong races, but whatever she may be on the turf, she is certain to make a great mare at the stud. It should be noted, too, that she gets a fifth strain of Pocahontas through her great grandam, Lady Golightly, a daughter of King Tom.

The first day's racing at Leicester was chiefly remarkable for the size of the fields, and the fact of S. Loates riding three winners in succession. He won the first two of his races outright, riding a dead heat for the third. On each occasion his mount started at 100 to 8. The meeting was very well attended, and sport was good throughout the afternoon, but backers must have had a bad time, and it was a final blow when the 10 to 1 chance, Tati, defeated the favourite, Mint, in the Melton Plate. They began better on the second day, but hardly held their own to the end, and certainly could not have recovered their previous day's losses. The most interesting race of the afternoon was that between the two Americans, Mr. Sibary's Eau Gallie and Mr. Lorillard's Draco, in the Mile Plate. The latter was meeting the former with a 2lb. pull in the weights, and after his running at Newmarket the week before he looked to have a chance, but the five year old outstayed the three, and won pretty easily at last by three parts of a length. It is very satisfactory to see these meetings making headway at last. The executive have worked very hard for success, and it now seems to be well within their grasp. Perhaps we shall some day see a return to the big stakes which were formerly associated with the Leicester Meetings.

At Kempton one is always sure of good racing, and there certainly was plenty of it on Friday and Saturday last. The big race of the first day, the Imperial Produce Stakes, was a great success, and if, true to its traditions, it occasioned the downfall of a hitherto unbeaten two year old, it fell to the lot of one who may make a name for himself in the future. This was the Duke of Devonshire's Dieudonne, a stylish, though rather peacocky chestnut colt, who when obviously only half fit ran fifth to Disraeli and Champ de Mars, at Derby. He had evidently pleased his trainer since then, and on Friday last his connections seemed never tired of backing him. Cyllene looked beautiful, and was quite the gentleman of the party, but it was an open secret that he had not done well since leaving home, and, under the circumstances, he ran right well under his crushing weight of 9st. 10lb.

Royal Sport had evidently come on since Doncaster, but it is probable that the Champagne Stakes form was all wrong, and Ayah's subsequent running does not make it look very grand. Matthew Dawson had come to see Longtown run. This is a grand colt, with a beautiful reaching forehand, and great power

as appeared on the first blush of his victory. Nota Bene should win a race before the end of the season, and Purser can evidently go a nice pace.

There was more good sport on Saturday, when the Duke of York Stakes was the *piece de resistance* in an excellent afternoon's programme. A remarkable feature of this race was the fact that the two most fancied candidates were both born outside these islands, Diakka having been bred in America, whilst Maluma hails from the Antipodes. The former had well earned his 8st. 4lb., and was always a good favourite from the moment there was any betting on the race. The latter, on the other hand, was backed for the first time at Kempton Park on the first day of the meeting, when she was quickly brought to 9 to 1. Money continued to pour in for her, and the ring had hardly mustered in the Kempton enclosure, on Saturday, before the Waler filly had become almost as good a favourite as the Yankee colt.

She is a small mare, but a nice, thick, short-legged sort, very good indeed to follow, and with little of the usual Waler type about her. She was a very good performer in her own country, and if in anything like her old form, this race must have been a gift for her, with only 7st. to carry. Minstrel looked well, but was he not giving Maluma two years and 7lb.? Then, again, Diakka was asked to give her a year and 18lb., and Marco, of the same age—five years—was also giving her 18lb. Diakka was very firm all the time, as well he might be, and Marco, whose owner was very confident, was backed at 10 to 1.

In every way it may be said to have been a one-horse race. Nothing looked so well in the paddock as Lord William Beresford's representative; nothing went so well in the canter to the post; and nothing else had any chance in the race.

The parade was led by Minstrel, who looked well enough, but hardly strode out in his usual free style. Court Ball looked, and went, as if he only had to do his best to win in a canter, which, with only 6st. 11lb. on his six year old back, was probably the case, but with age he has become very uncertain, and can never be trusted. Maluma was broken in her coat, which somewhat detracted from her appearance, though she was, no doubt, well enough really, but the style in which she went down was certainly not attractive. Marco, Laveno, and Red Heart were well, though the first of



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE FINISH OF THE ROWLEY MILE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

behind, but with unsightly hocks, and by no means the best of forelegs. However, he is likely to make a good horse some day, and to win many a good race for his owner. Ebba, who ran Cyllene to a head at Sandown Park, was broken in her coat, and is a mean-looking little mare. Paladore is a washy chestnut, as also is Heir Male in a less degree, but there was a lot to like about the hard, useful-looking colt by Galopin out of Thebais, although he is certainly short, and more on the leg than one likes to see.

Cyllene went well enough in his canter to the post, as also did Ebba, who was all fire and dash. The Kingsclere filly, Nota Bene, too, got over the ground in good style, and Purser, a business-like brown colt, who ran well in the race, pleased everyone by his style of going. When the flag fell, Cyllene was slow in beginning, and they were close home before he could take his place. He then made his effort, and a very creditable one it was, but, although he got to Dieudonne's girths, the weight told, and the favourite was beaten by three-quarters of a length. Nota Bene, who had been shut in at a critical moment in the race, got out at last and finished third, four lengths behind Cyllene, with Purser, who had made most of the running in the early part of the race, fourth. Royal Sport, who was also interfered with, was fifth, and the Thebais colt sixth. The winner is certainly a nice colt, and as he is engaged in the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, he is pretty certain to be well backed for one or both, but he did not beat Cyllene so very easily, for all his 10lb. pull in the weights, and if Mr. Rose's colt was not quite at his best, there may not be so much in it

them has, no doubt, lost a little of his dash from doing two-mile work. The second is a very delicate constituted horse, and always runs more or less soft; while the third could never get a mile in good company.

There was only one false start, and then they were away, the three year old Arezzo making play at a great pace. Maluma soon joined him, and these two came into the straight in front. Diakka, however, was closing up on the left, and a quarter of a mile from home he was at the heels of Minstrel and Laveno, Arezzo and Maluma having both dropped out. The Yankee at once closed with Laveno, and, having him quickly beaten, went on, and won in the easiest style by a couple of lengths from Mr. Houldsworth's horse, with Minstrel third, and then Court Ball, Maluma, La Sagesse, Red Heart, and Marco, who was pulled up when it was found he could not win. The winner is a hard-looking, useful stamp of horse, and one of the best goers ever seen on a race-course. It was understood that he was troubled with splints, or something of the sort, in the summer, but is evidently all right now, and it would take a good horse to beat him over his own distance just now. Maluma, perhaps, cannot quite get a mile, nor is it likely that she has come back to her Australian form, which, perhaps, she never will do in this country. Marco ran fairly well, but trying to make a stayer of him has evidently spoilt his speed, and Laveno's light weight helped him to finish second, but there was only one in the race a long way from home, and that was the winner.

OUTPOST.

## IN THE HILLS.

"GIVE me the old grey mare, and I don't wish for a better country," are the words put into the mouth of an old hunting squire in a story which is, in all probability, mythical, but there is a great deal of truth in the application of the saying. For, given plenty of foxes, and a good pack of hounds, there can be no bad country. I can imagine those of my readers whose happy lot it is to ride 300-guinea hunters over a grass country lifting up their hands in holy horror when they read these words, but I would point out to them that to the sporting instinct, of which these words are an embodiment, is due in a great measure the sport which they are enabled to enjoy; and it may be laid down as abstract fact that if hunting were to be confined to the

so-called fashionable countries it would soon come to an end. But, happily, the spirit of sport pervades the whole of the country, and even in the roughest districts are to be found packs of hounds, well appointed in most cases, and well adapted to the districts they have to hunt.

"Hunting on foot is but labour in vain," is an axiom which any hunting man who has had to plod over deep plough in breeches and boots after a horse from which he has been separated in a fall will cordially endorse. Yet a good deal of sport is seen on foot, even in "open" countries, and there are in the wilds and fells of Westmoreland and Cumberland many packs of hounds which it would be impossible to follow on horseback. Th. Blencathra, still under the



mastership of that veteran sportsman, Mr. Cozier, who is orthodox in his opinion that in the Psalms of David and John Jorrocks is to be found the whole duty of man, hunt a fine wild country, "the land of the mountain and the flood"; and in what are known as the English Alps "owd Tommy Dobson" wakens the echoes with a Killing Fell pack.

To a novice who looks at these immense hills for the first time, it seems impossible to hunt the fox in such a country, and it may be given as advice to those who wish to see hounds in these hill countries that they do not make any attempt to go out hunting in the Fells till they have done three or four weeks' strong work amongst them. For the climb will "take their legs" from them if they are not acclimatised a little, and their pleasure will turn to trouble. For it is no great catch to be left on the hills.

A Fell pack is not unlike in general features to the hounds which we see in the paintings of Alken. Year by year however, these distinctive features are being lost. There are but few Fell packs—half-a-dozen, all told—and it stands to reason that hounds cannot be bred in any great numbers under the circumstances in which these hunts are carried on. Consequently, they have more recourse to drafts from the more fashionable packs, and, as provincial packs now are being bred more and more on Belvoir and Brocklesby lines, the old-fashioned "snipy-nosed" hound is becoming less and less in evidence. There is in the Fells a strong prejudice about colour, and it seems needless to say that a light-coloured hound is a *sine qua non*. For on the moors a light-coloured hound can be seen a long way; and were it not for this, on many an occasion the field would lose touch with hounds altogether. "Straight" hounds are seldom seen in the Fells, for the steep hills and rocks soon knock them up, and their feet soon become "open." Indeed, they are, taken on the whole, as unlike the foxhounds one sees in fashionable countries as they well can be.

But in all the best qualities of the foxhound they are efficient; indeed, the country is all moor, wood, and hill, and the pack is generally a small one. But it is a treat to see them draw, and many a huntsman in more fashionable countries might well envy the way in which these hounds draw an exceptionally strong patch of gorse. Then they have a splendid cry, for a mute hound would not be tolerated for a moment, and they hunt closely and well. They hunt also without much assistance, for assistance it is almost impossible to give them after they have once found their fox. But though, of course, it is impossible to live with hounds, it is astonishing how much genuine sport can be seen in these hill countries. Natives have an intuitive perception of the line of country which a fox is likely to take, and a man who can live with them over the rocks and boulders and steep hillsides of their picturesque country, will carry away some pleasant memories of his sojourn.

It is a sight indeed to see the sun dissipate the mists on a Cumberland or Westmoreland mountain, and nowhere in the country does the cheery cry of hounds sound more inspiring than it does in the hills and valleys which echoed the horn and holloa of John Peel.

The distances the hardy natives will walk after hounds, and the hours they will be out exposed to all the vicissitudes of a mountain climate, would astonish many a dweller on the plains. "Owd Tommy Dobson," who, like most

hunting man, whose idea of the sport is summed up in a gallop; but if ever a man has an opportunity of seeing a fox dug out with a Fell pack, let him by all means avail himself of it, for he will be likely to learn something about foxes and hunting that he never knew before.

A sportsman who wishes to have a few days with the Blencathra or the Eskdale, or other kindred packs, cannot do better than visit Grasmere sports, or some similar gathering, where what are known as guide races take place. In these contests men go up a fell side as steep as a house, and return down one a little steeper, if that be possible. The distance is generally from two to three miles, and it is a sight to see how these men steal up the steep places with long sweeping stride, or how they bound down from crag to crag. This is the way a man must run if he wants to see all the sport with a Fell pack, though it must be admitted that there are some cunning old hands who manage to see a great deal of the fun without so much waste of tissue.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

## AT THE POST, NEWMARKET.

Copyright—"C.L."

One thing may be added by way of advice to every sportsman who goes into these picturesque countries, even if he does not go "to follow the fox." Let him leave a small subscription to the local pack. He will never miss it, and he will be encouraging that sporting spirit which seems the characteristic of every Englishman. He will also, by so doing, probably make the acquaintance of some fine old sportsman whose anecdotes and woodland lore will beguile many an evening hour.

RED ROVER.

## ON THE GREEN.

MR. HILTON is certainly a wonderful player. Whose-soever year the next may be, this has beyond question been his year. He did not win the Amateur Championship—indeed, has never won it, curiously enough—but he won the far greater glory of the Open Championship, and since that glorious win has won nearly everything worth winning for which he has entered; and he has entered for many stakes. His last achievement was the winning of both medals at the Royal Liverpool Club's meeting, the first with a score of 80, and the second with a score of a stroke more. The 81 on the second day was really a better performance than the 80 on the first, for a strongish breeze made the second day's scoring difficult. If, however, there are any "oughts" in the game of golf, it was Mr. C. E. Dick that ought to have won this second day's medal, for his total was only a stroke above Mr. Hilton's, and he gave away a

clear four strokes by taking sixes at holes where Bogey, whom he was handsomely defeating over most of the round, only wants fives. But this is the way of golf. What ought to happen is that which has a way of not happening, and the unexpected takes place instead. Those who challenged Mr. Hilton's 80 most closely on the first day were Mr. Ball and Mr. Hutchings, who were equal at 81. On the second day they were nearly equal again, Mr. Hutchings just having the advantage, with 84 to Mr. Ball's 85; and this 84 of Mr. Hutchings' was the best return after Mr. Dick's 82.

The North Surrey Club's opening meet of their course at Norbury gave J. H. Taylor an opportunity of coming out in his old form. He has seemed to be a little "off" his best game of late, but his first score of 70 gave little room for improvement, and was the lowest, by a stroke or two, returned during the day. Braid's 72 was the nearest to it; and in the afternoon these two leaders returned identical scores of 73, leaving Taylor with an advantage of two strokes on the total. No one else could approach these scores, Douglas Rolland

and A. Thomson—the latter being the local professional—being for third place at six strokes more. This good win should put Taylor in fine heart again, and give him back some of that confidence which his only moderate success of late must have shaken a little. Jack White, who has lately migrated from Mitcham to Seaford, was fifth, at a stroke more than Rolland and Thomson.

Since the Norbury competition Braid has been up at Ganton, playing Harry Vardon, on his own green, an exhibition match that ended in a tie, with good play on both sides. Indeed, nothing but the best of play seems to be of much good just now against Braid, and if Mr. Hilton's win of the championship put him into a run of invincible form, Braid's performance in coming within a putt of that championship seems to have done him, too, a deal of good. It was useful work to run Vardon to a half on his own green.

There was a stiff entry for the medal of the Mortonhall (Edinburgh) Club, the favourite being Mr. W. B. Taylor, of whom we have so often heard in the



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

## COMING BACK TO SCALE, NEWMARKET.

Copyright—"C.L."

huntmen of Fell packs, is what is known in the North as a "character," talks of being out seventeen hours with hounds, and I believe it is on record that on one occasion whilst Tommy Dobson was huntsman to the Eskdale, that pack found a fox early in the morning, and it was not till nearly midnight that they killed him. Of course, they were not running all this time. They ran their fox to ground some time in the afternoon, and they had a long and wearisome "dig," lasting some seven or eight hours.

And this digging out is a phase, and a very interesting phase, of hunting in the hills. Such is the nature of the country that systematic earth-stopping is impossible, and the rocks afford safety to many a stout fox. But the men who follow him are formidable antagonists when, after a while, they arrive at the place where the staunch pack are baying at the earth. Engineering tools are soon found, and hardy terriers prevent further excavating on the part of Reynard. Digging out is a part of hunting which does not commend itself to the ordinary

Irish Championship. And he justified every confidence, winning with a fine return of 76. Yet he was but a stroke in front of Mr. Gillespie, the Edinburgh Academical football player, who finished in 77. At 77, scratch, Mr. Gillespie tied with Mr. Mackay, who had 18 strokes allowed, for the first place on the nett score list, Mr. Taylor's handicap of plus four putting him quite out of the running. Mr. D. Maclaren had, at one point in the game, a great chance of winning, but eventually finished third only at 79.

## A MAIDEN SPEECH.

MR. BUNTING was as happy as a good digestion and an assured seat in the House of Commons can make a man, and when he came down to breakfast on the 16th of February, he was in his best and happiest mood. There were a good many letters and two telegrams on his breakfast table. He opened the telegrams first. The first telegram he smiled over benignly, and crumpled up and threw away; but the reading of the second telegram was followed by the crumpling, not of the yellow missive, but of Mr. Bunting's brows. It dispelled all the benignity, and put perplexity and trouble in its place. Mr. Bunting, like many other quite estimable men, had eyes of unequal power. It was his custom to read over his correspondence first with his long-sighted eye—the right one. Then, if the communication demanded no further thought, like the first of this morning's telegrams, he laid it aside at once. But if the information was important or difficult, he conveyed it to the more microscopic inspection of his short-sighted eye, which also brought it at once under the nearer consideration of the Bunting brain—a very powerful organ. The second telegram was at once submitted to the criticism of the left optic; but even this microscopic inspection failed to elucidate its meaning. It ran thus: "Wire verbatim report of your speech of last evening for insertion in local organ.—Venables, Cottonsville."

Neither Venables nor Cottonsville presented any puzzle to the powerful Bunting brain. Cottonsville was the name of the place which was blessed with Mr. Bunting as its Parliamentary representative. Venables was the name of the editor of the *Cottonsville Morning Herald*, the daily literary organ which Mr. Bunting was locally said to "inspire," that is to say, which found it to its interest to follow the party lines which Mr. Bunting pursued, and pursued with great faithfulness, with no presumptuous ideas of starting a "cave" or a "fourth party," or striking out new lines of his own. The signature was plain to Mr. Bunting's intellectual grasp, but the enigmatical part of the telegram was in the body of it. Those words, "your speech of last evening," were indeed a dark mystery. He had not the slightest recollection of having made a speech last evening. He recalled the events of the evening—he remembered them all perfectly—but they did not include any speech-making. He had dined at the Neptunian, with Anstruther and Bowman and another whose name he did not catch—one never does catch the names of people who are casually introduced—then he had gone on to the House, had conscientiously stayed out the sitting, and then gone straight home to his rooms again. Whence could such a notion have sprung to the mind of Venables of Cottonsville? Whence do matutinal notions of things occurring in the metropolis spring to the mind of anyone in Cottonsville?—obviously, thought the powerful Bunting brain, from the reports, wired down, of the London pressmen. From this it was but a step of inspiration to look in the London morning papers for the report of the speech which, on this assumption, should be there as well as at Cottonsville.

No speech was reported by Mr. Bunting, but, on the other hand, Mr. Bunting was struck into a heap of amazement by the following paragraph from the reports of the debate: "After a few words from Mr. Bunting, Mr. S. rose and said—"

"A few words," Mr. Bunting repeated, as if the phrase were a charm to conjure with. "Wonder what in the name of goodness they were."

There was no one to tell him. The *Times* did not tell him, neither did the semi-officially-inspired organ of his own party. Mr. Bunting took a hansom by the hour, and went miserably round the newspaper offices from Shoe Lane to Printing House Square, seeking a Parliamentary reporter who could tell him what he had said. It was all no good—none of them remembered. Some of them said he had been inaudible, otherwise they would have reported him at length. These, however, Mr. Bunting scorned as flatterers. That he had been inaudible was a decent excuse for the reporters that they had not reported him. It was no decent excuse for him, however, that he could not repeat his own speech for the glory and guidance of his own constituents; he could not say that he had been inaudible to himself. At the hour of the assembling of the House, he consulted a friend, also a legislator. "When I was elected to Parliament seven years ago," he said, "I made up my mind I would speak on no subject with which I was not thoroughly well acquainted. The House, I had been told, will always listen to a man who is thoroughly up in his subject. I have been waiting for that subject ever since. Curiously enough, it has never cropped up, yet this morning I have received this telegram," showing the missive of Venables of Cottonsville, "and not one of the reporters knows what I said."

"Are you quite sure not one of them knows?" said his friend.

"Quite sure—not one," Mr. Bunting replied, dolefully.

"Why, then, you're all right—don't you see?" the brother legislator said, brightly. "You've got a free hand, you can say what you like."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Bunting asked, aghast.

"Mean? Why, that you can write anything you like to your local editor."

"I see," said Mr. Bunting, admiringly, with slowly dawning intelligence. "You mean, make it up now?"

"Make it up now, of course. Let's come away into the smoking-room. I'll help you, if you like."

Mr. Bunting hailed the offer gleefully. "We must have some whisky and soda to start with then," he said; "it's dry work talking."

"Or writing," said his friend, objecting to the phrase, but not to the refreshment. "Let's see; what was the debate on?"

"Bimetallism," said Mr. Bunting, with a gulp of the whisky and soda.

"Bimetallism—that's stiff."

"Yes," said Mr. Bunting, "I expect we shall want some more whisky and soda soon."

"Do you know anything about bimetallism?"

"Not a word, except that it's very hard to get change for a sovereign—especially a bad one."

"Then it seems to me that you must, after all, have spoken on a subject with which you were not thoroughly acquainted."

"Yes," said Mr. Bunting, sadly, "but, you see, it appears that the House did not listen."

"Luckily," said his friend, laconically. Then they fell to work on the speech.

It was the best speech that had ever been made, so Venables and all Cottonsville declared. There was a leading article on it in three successive issues of Mr. Bunting's local party organ, and no one but Mr. Bunting and his friend ever knew that it had not been spoken.

"But how the deuce do you explain it?" Mr. Bunting asked, as he gulped the last mouthful of the last whisky and soda that had been needed to repair tissue wasted in the production of the speech. "How do you account for my not knowing what I said, and actually not knowing that I had spoken?"

"Well, Bunting, you know," said his friend, with subtle significance, "I met Anstruther and Bowman this morning, and they mentioned that you had been dining with them last night at the Neptunian, and that there had been some difficulty about change for a sovereign of yours that the steward said was bad; and what with your speaking on bimetallism and your inaudibility and incoherency—and—"

"Good gracious me, my dear fellow," said Mr. Bunting, hastily, "you surely do not mean for a minute to suggest that I—last night—"

"Not for a single instant, my dear fellow," said his friend, interrupting in his turn. "It would be impossible for me to think such a thing of you. Besides, see how thirsty you are to-day."

"I don't understand it," said Mr. Bunting, finally. "But, anyhow, it's a thundering good speech. I am sure Venables will be pleased with it. And, I say, if you have nothing better to do, come and dine with me at the Neptunian to-night."

## LITERARY NOTES.

I HAVE read the two volumes in which the second Lord Tennyson, and a good many other persons living and dead, tell us all that we are likely to know for many a long day of the life-story of the poet who was buried in Westminster Abbey five years ago. Also I have read many reviews, written by many men in great haste. The result of the combined process is a resolute determination to pass some days in reflection before attempting to write upon the great subject which the two volumes suggest rather than treat coherently. Of this much the reader may be assured. The reviewer who wrote to the effect that all the world would long to see the book, but that few would want to keep it, took precisely the wrong view. Nothing but long study and thought upon it will enable any man or woman to extract from the huge mass of material here presented that complete idea of Tennyson as man and poet and thinker which is the one thing needful and valuable. Lord Tennyson the second has acted on the principle that the public ought to be placed in possession of almost every fact in the life of his illustrious father. Some things have been omitted, for various reasons; for example, because the biographer did not desire that they should be known to the world. In some points, notably with regard to the correspondence with the Queen, matters have been included which wise discretion might have banished. Here one who happens to be an ardent Unionist may join forces with Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who complains justly that an unmistakable hint is given with regard to the Queen's feeling upon a burning question. On the other hand—and this is the real reason for delay—it is plain a thousand times over that nothing has been omitted on the ground of mere triviality. Lessons of the utmost value, coherent narratives of strong interest, may be extracted from this mass of detail, heaped up, it seems to me, without system or method. The volumes remind me forcibly of the great masses of ore which are to be seen on the surface near the mine after they have been brought up from the mine. These masses must be smelted, and refined, and worked into shape before they become true metal.

All the world is aghast when it hears of the volume of the flood of pent up fiction which is to be poured out upon us soon, has, indeed, begun to pour. Six volumes a day, and sometimes more; the prospect seems appalling. But is it really as terrible as it appears? Much that goes by the name of fiction in these days is more accurately to be classified under the title of "Christmas Books." These begin to deluge the booksellers' windows and shelves at the same time as the early feminine bird begins to turn over the first Christmas cards. And, after all, we shall find that the cream will rise to the surface, and that it will be no thicker than usual. Very occasionally a new author with a gift, such as Mr. George Bartram (whose "People of Clopton" has been very well received), will force their way to the front by sheer power and originality; but that is a rare event, and the harvest of good books is about equal in each succeeding year.

The course of Empire goes Westward among the publishers in these days. The great house of Macmillan has established itself in squalid surroundings, but in individual splendour, in the slums near the National Gallery. A stately staircase of oak, upon which the portrait of Mr. Alexander Macmillan looks down, will greet the literary aspirant of the future, and the private rooms of the heads of the house will wear an air of sumptuous dignity appropriate to the library of a Cabinet Minister. Before these words are printed, the vicinity of Mud-Salad Market will have lost the Macmillans for ever.

One of the first works to come from the new house of the Macmillans is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Captain Courageous," which may be on the market before these words are in print. The very title of it makes one look forward to one of those virile books which Mr. Kipling can indite better than any other living man; but Mr. Kipling, wise man that he is, does not demean himself or spoil the freshness of his book by overmuch talking beforehand. Therefore, one may not go beyond conjecture in anticipating it. Of the remaining novels of the week, Mr. W. Pett Ridge's "Secretary to Bayne, M.P.," is quite likely to be good (Methuen). "The Tormentor," by Benjamin Swift (Unwin), is announced as coming to light, and I have it by me. It is strange and rather horrible in parts, but it has power of a kind, and something must be written of it in the future. Dr. Stephen Paget's "Life of John Hunter" promises to be a valuable biography for many reasons. The great pathologist was a man who placed mankind deeply in his debt, and his biographer, son of Sir James Paget (who contributes an introduction), and brother of the accomplished and delightful Dean of Christ Church, is a remarkably painstaking man, and of great capacity. He is also, I think, sufficiently mature to be sparing of medical jargon for mere jargon's sake. Mr. Watts Dunton's book of poems (John Lane) will doubtless be received with much pleasure by all who love good verse. The close friend of Tennyson, of Rossetti, and of Swinburne, Mr. Watts Dunton has lived always in an atmosphere of poetry. He is also a keen critic, and, if we have not seen enough of his poetry in print, that is because he is a stern critic of his own work. Finally, we shall have had Mrs. Oliphant's annals of the house of Blackwood, and in that I expect to find much curious and interesting information, gracefully and discreetly given, concerning a most notable coterie of writers. Truly this is to be a rich week, my masters.

LOOKER-ON.



# Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne.

**M**ONDAY: Trixie has returned to town. She rushed over here first thing this morning to tell me that she adored Paris. I rather despise the Londoners who recognise the superior joys of Paris as a dwelling-place. I am somewhat like the hero in "The White Heather," who said he liked Paris from Saturday to Monday. These two days suffice with me for its joys, but Trixie wants to live there for ever. During her fortnight's stay she has become offensively French. She will start every other sentence in the French language, then apologise, and break off into English with an idiotic little laugh, explaining that she always thinks in French. I suppose I shall have to forgive her, for she brought me two soft silk neckties most beautifully hem-stitched, a belt of grey suède, buckled with Wedgwood and steel, and a bottle of most superior perfume. She talked nothing but clothes for two hours, and gave me



DRESS OF BROCADE AND NET TRACED WITH PEARLS AND GOLD.

special information of contradictory details at intervals. One moment she declared black to be the only wear, next she vowed red was the popular colour, and then she proceeded to tell me that blue was inevitable. We can most of us do with a dress of each of these colours, so that it is quite unimportant which is the most attractive. At the moment I am really occupied in finding a new costume for skating. Niagara opened its hospitable doors on the 2nd of October, and skating is a pastime which must be dressed decoratively. It is not alone the dresses thereof, but the petticoats which are so important. I have quite made up my mind to disregard the nonsense talked by doctors about the dangers of the atmosphere in artificial ice rinks. I skated last year persistently for three months, and though I gained little in gracefulness, yet I lost nothing in health, and dropped an inch round the waist, which is such a valuable loss, that I must try and repeat the operation. It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that skating makes you much thinner round the waist, and just below the waist. The proprietors of anti-fat have serious rivals in the skating rinks.

The most beautiful skating gown ever made is worn by Mrs. Browne-Potter in "Francillon," where Nellie took me last week. This is of purple velvet, with the skirt gathered at intervals right the way round, and bordered with a flounce of sable. Its colour and detail are, perhaps, only fitted for the stage, but the same style in smoke-grey velvet or velveteen, trimmed with smoked fox, completed with a little sac coat, or a bolero and a waistcoat of ivory lace, would be quite permissible—even more, quite adorable!

**WEDNESDAY:** I shall have to seriously make a crusade against Russian coats, even though I believe a crusade against anything Russian is fraught with much danger to the crusader. It is really quite depressing the number of Russian coats there are in the market. Every establishment, from north to south and east to west of London, is full of them, in every conceivable stuff, and decorated in every possible way. It is quite true that there is no style more adaptable to broad-tail; it is equally true that the Russian coat in velvet is exceedingly becoming, and, furthermore, it must be granted that this is a particularly useful style of coat, for it reveals the waist-line under becoming conditions, and may be easily worn over blouses of elaborate detail. Yet, when it comes to meeting the Russian coat in the wilds of Islington, marked 19s. 11d., made in cloth and braided, it is time we should take counsel with ourselves on the advisability of permitting it to decorate the fair of the fashionable. It may be argued, of course, that the coat which is met in Islington, or even Camberwell or Clapham, no more resembles the coat which is to be found in the private salons near Piccadilly than I Hercules; but yet it is decidedly unpleasant to note that Mary Jane goes walking out on Sunday in a model whose outlines faintly resemble your latest treasured consignment from the most exclusive and expensive circles. When, oh! when shall I get that copyright in clothes for which I am always asking? I shall be much hurt if anyone copies my drab velvet hat which is illustrated here, trimmed with birds and ostrich feathers, but I'll permit such liberty being taken with the dress sketched—it is Nellie's—made of brocade and net traced with pearls and gold. The jewelled belts are another fashion which will become so desperately common, that we shall be forced to abandon them, but at the moment these are too dear for an exceeding popularity. Those which are made in suède or leather are by far the most attractive, but there are many metal ones also to be seen threaded with ribbon; these, being particularly becoming to the waist, deserve commendation. The flexibility of the chains, and the soft thinness of the ribbon, make it possible to pull them securely without causing us any undue pressure. The prettiest of the belts I have seen is of grey suède, just fastened in the front with cut steel and turquoise, and I have also seen a pale mauve leather belt fastened with silver and amethysts. The little straight slides at intervals all round the waist are not really becoming, except to the very slim. I saw an ideal belt on a

teagown of pale blue satin the other night. It was of white ribbon, embroidered in turquoise and steel and diamonds, and fastened with a very small round buckle of diamonds and turquoise.

Writing of teagowns reminds me that at last I have been brought face to face with a clever adaptation of the Japanese kimono to such purpose. The narrow proportions of these gowns



VELVET HAT TRIMMED WITH BIRDS AND OSTRICH FEATHERS.

having hitherto rendered them without the possibility of real elegance, while their embroidery and rich colouring continue to suggest them as the ideal, it is good to know that they can be used effectively. This gown was opened up every seam over an underskirt of sun-kilted ivory Japanese silk; the embroidered sleeves were induced to form epaulettes to sleeves of the white kilted silk again, these being brought into bands at the wrist; and the front was set in kilts from neck to hem, while round the waist the kimono was held in its place by a belt formed of three shades of glacé silk—bright blue, bright green, and red—these fastening at one side with a big chou. The kimono was one of the blue ones, lined with geranium red and embroidered in gold and green, and I have been yearning for its prototype ever since I met it. I must see if I cannot make friends with some enterprising and not too honest member of "The Geisha" company, so that its wardrobe may be pillaged for my benefit. What a wonderful play that "Geisha" is; it continues on its wild career of triumph with unabated vigour, and I really believe that when the century closes Daly's will still be open with "The Geisha" still running, although there are always rumours of Owen Hall's new play. I once had the privilege of meeting that interesting gentleman, and I am quite convinced he talks more than he writes; and why should he seek to find a successor when the last love of his literary life is, as he himself would express it, still "going strong"?

## IN THE GARDEN.

**R**AISING seedling Carnations is a fascinating pursuit. There will be disappointments, of course, blanks where one looked for prizes, but even single kinds—called "Jacks" in the market—are often very pretty in decorations. The writer has raised many seedling plants and experienced keen delight in watching opening buds. It is by crossing one good kind with another or obtaining two parents likely to produce distinct offspring that a new class is obtained. The seed ripens early in October, when the seed pods turn of a brownish colour. Mr. Douglas—the leading Carnation grower and raiser—mentions in the "Carnation Manual" that "The seeds when thoroughly ripe are usually black in colour, but sometimes the entire pod of seeds will be of a creamy white, and these are as good as the black ones. When gathered, the seed pods should be spread out in an airy place on sheets of clean paper to thoroughly dry, and when in this condition the seed may be readily separated from the pods. Great care should be taken to label every batch of seed with the names of the parents."

### PROMISE OF RICH REWARDS.

This grower wisely points out, however, that even when the crosses have been made between the finest varieties, it does not necessarily follow the results

will be astonishing. He mentions that in 100 plants raised from the best strains, twelve to fifteen per cent. will be worthless. Seventy or eighty per cent., or perhaps more, would probably give double flowers, others with a mass of small, badly shaped petals, but none of them showing any marked superiority over existing kinds. "I should be well content if I got five or six per cent. worth growing again, to test not only their value as good and distinct varieties, but also whether they are vigorous enough to grow freely in the open border. Perhaps some would-be raisers may be a little disheartened by this chronicle of my experience. But the exquisite beauty and variety of colour of the great proportion of the seedlings are alone a sufficient reward."

### CARNATIONS AT STOURBRIDGE.

Our illustration is of a group of seedling Carnations in the famous nurseries of Messrs. Webb, of Stourbridge. A glance at it will show how beautifully formed are the flowers, without a trace of bursting, which is a disfigurement either in the garden or when the flowers are gathered for the house. A feature also in their seed grounds is the Marguerite Carnation, a fragrant, pretty flower, very easily raised in this way. This class may be raised and flowered in the same year. The petals do not burst their bonds, and the colours are remarkably bright and varied. A very good time to sow seed of

### MARGUERITE CARNATIONS

is January, or the first February days, when sow them on a hot-bed, to ensure quick germination. When potted off, cease using artificial heat, or keep them in an ordinary greenhouse. Pot them on until they are in five-inch pots, the final potting taking place about midsummer. The plants may be also grown out-of-doors, and when frost is expected potted up to burst into bloom under glass.

### THINKING OF SPRING.

It seems strange when autumn mists envelop the valley, and Dahlias hang their heads, hurt by the first frost, to write of spring. A gardener must, however, look into the future. This is the season to plant spring flowers. When the beds have been emptied of their present occupants, and prepared for other things, plant bulbs, Pansies, Primroses, Auriculas, Forget-me-nots, Wallflowers, Polyanthus, double Daisies, and Violets. The coloured Primroses make gay masses of colour, and there are delightful double as well as single varieties. Auriculas of strong self colours are effective, and Wallflowers planted with a groundwork of Forget-me-nots make a sweet and fragrant picture. Of course, amongst spring-flowering bulbs there is endless choice, but these we have recently pointed out. We shall give special illustrated notes upon the Daffodil shortly.

### LIFTING TENDER PLANTS.

Cannas, tuberous Begonias, Dahlias, and anything at all tender and that one does not desire destroyed by frost should be lifted. Dahlias and Cannas may be treated in much the same way. Lift them when the foliage is blackened, cut down the stems, and remove as much soil as possible from the roots. Lay them in the sun to dry a little, then store in any cool, dry place free from frost. Under a cool greenhouse stage will suffice. The tubers of the Begonia will keep well if stored in silver sand. Eucalyptuses, Palms, India-rubber Plants, Agapanthus, Myrtles, Plumbagos, and Heliotropes must all be removed under cover away from frost. Many plants are now grown in tubs for the decoration of terrace gardens, but they are as a rule not frost-proof. Even the Myrtle, except in the South of England, cannot be trusted in the open air.

### TEA ROSES UNDER GLASS.

A favourite way of growing the Tea Rose is under glass, and this is a good time to commence its culture. The plant delights in a brisk heat, a temperature of about fifty-five degrees during the night, with a rise of five degrees in the daytime, being suitable. When the pots are full of roots, give liquid manure freely, and use for soil a mixture of three parts fibrous loam, with a part each of well-decayed manure and leaf-mould. A little sharp silver sand added will lighten it. Charming varieties are Bridesmaid, La France, Catherine Mermet, Belle Siebrecht, and Souvenir de President Carnot, all of a pink shade. The Bride and Niphetos are the best white Roses, and other good kinds comprise Perle des Jardins (yellow), Safrano (a mixture of yellow and buff), and Papa Gontier (crimson); of the latter shade is that splendid hybrid perpetual pot Rose, General Jacquemont.



SEEDLING CARNATIONS IN MESSRS. WEBB AND SONS' NURSERIES.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—As will be seen, answers to queries relating to the garden are inserted in the "Answers to Correspondents" column. We hope our readers will avail themselves of this means of getting information.